THE Wild Gallant: A COMEDY:

As it was Acted at the

THEATER-ROYAL

BY HIS

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

WRITTEN,

By JOHN DRYDEN, *Esq;*

In the SAVOY.

Printed by *Tho. Newcomb*, for *H. Herringman*, at the *Blew-Anchor*, in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1669.

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Preface.

IT would be a great Impudence in me to ſay much of a *Comedy*, which has had but indifferent ſucceſs in the action. I made the Town my Judges; and the greater part condemn'd it. After which I do not think it my Concernment to defend it, with the ordinary Zeal of a Poet for his decry'd Poem. Though *Corneille* is more reſolute in his *Preface* before his *Pertharite*, which was condemn'd more Uuiverſally than this: for he avowes boldly, That in ſpight of Cenſure his *Play* was well, and regularly written; which is more than I dare ſay for mine. Yet it was receiv'd at Court; and was more than once the Divertiſement of His Majeſty, by His own Command.

But I have more modesty than to ascribe that to my Merit, which was His particular Act of Grace. It was the first attempt I made in *Dramatique Poetry*; and, I find since, a very bold one, to begin with *Comedy*; which is the most difficult part of it. The Plot was not Originally my own: but so alter'd, by me (whether for the better or worse, I know not) that, whoever the Author was, he could not have challeng'd a Scene of it. I doubt not but you will see in it, the uncorrectness of a young Writer: which is yet but a small excuse for him, who is so little amended since. The best Apology I can make for it, and the truest, is onely this; That you have since that time received with Applause, as bad, and as uncorrect *Playes* from other Men.

PROLOGUE to the WILD GALLANT, as it was first Acted.

IS it not strange, to hear a Poet say,
He comes to ask you, how you like the Play?
You have not seen it yet! alas 'tis true,
But now your Love and Hatred judge, not You.
And cruel Factions (brib'd by Interest) come,
Not to weigh Merit, but to give their Doome:
Our Poet therefore, jealous of th' Event,
And (though much boldness takes) not confident.
Has sent me, whither you, fair Ladies, too
Sometimes upon as small occasions goe,
And from this Scheme, drawn for the hour and day,
Bid me inquire the fortune of his Play.

The Curtain drawn discovers two Astrologers; The Prologue is presented to them.

First Astrol. reads. *A Figure of the heavenly Bodies in their several Apartments,* Feb. *the* 5th. *half an hour after three after Noon, from whence you are to judge the success of a new Play called the* Wild Gallant.

2. Astrol. *Who must judge of it, we, or these Gentlemen? We'll not meddle with it, so tell your Poet. Here are in this House the ablest Mathematicians in* Europe *for his purpose. They will resolve the question e'r they part.*

1. Ast. *Yet let us judge it by the rules of Art.*
First Jupiter, *the Ascendants Lord disgrac'd,*
In the twelfth House, and near grim Saturn *plac'd,*
Denote short life unto the Play: ——

2. Ast.

2. Aſt. ——————— love yet,
In his Apartment Sagitary, *ſet*
Under his own Roof, cannot take much wrong;
1. Aſt. *Why then the Lif's not very ſhort, nor long;*
2. Aſt. *The luck not very good, nor very ill,*
Prolo. *That is to ſay, 'tis as 'tis taken ſtill.*
1. Aſt. *But, Brother,* Ptolomy *the Learned ſays,*
'Tis the fifth houſe from whence we judge of Plays.
Venus *the Lady of that Houſe I find*
Is Peregrine, *your Play is ill deſign'd,*
It ſhould have been but one continued Song,
Or at the leaſt a Dance of 3 hours long.
2. Aſt. *But yet the greateſt Miſchief does remain,*
The twelfth Apartment bears the Lord of Spain;
Whence I conclude, it is your Authors lot,
To be indanger'd by a Spaniſh Plot.
Prolo. *Our Poet yet protection hopes from you,*
But bribes you not with any thing that's new.
Nature is old, which Poets imitate,
And for Wit, thoſe that boaſt their own eſtate,
Forget Fletcher *and* Ben *before them went,*
Their Elder Brothers, and that vaſtly ſpent:
So much 'twill hardly be repair'd again,
Not, though ſupply'd with all the wealth of Spain:
This Play is Engliſh, *and the growth your own;*
As ſuch it yields to Engliſh *Plays alone.*
He could have wiſh'd it better for your ſakes;
But that in Plays he finds you love miſtakes:
Beſides he thought it was in vain to mend
What you are bound in honour to defend,
That Engliſh *Wit (how e'r deſpis'd by ſome)*
Like Engliſh *Valour ſtill may overcome*

PRO

PROLOGUE to the WILD-GALLANT Reviv'd.

AS some raw Squire, by tender Mother bred,
Till one and Twenty keeps his Maidenhead,
(Pleas'd with some Sport, which he alone does find,
And thinks a secret to all Humane kind;)
Till mightily in love, yet halfe afraid,
He first attempts the gentle Dairymaid.
Succeeding there, and led by the renown
Of Whetstones Park, *he comes at length to Town,*
Where enter'd, by some School-fellow or Friend,
He grows to break Glass-Windows in the end:
His valour too, which with the Watch began,
Proceeds to duell, and he kills his Man.
By such degrees, while knowledge he did want,
Our unfletch'd Author, writ a Wild Gallant.
He thought him monstrous lewd (I'll lay my life)
Because suspected with his Landlords Wife:
But since his knowledge of the Town began,
He thinks him now a very civil man:
And, much asham'd of what he was before,
Has fairly play'd him at three Wenches more.
'Tis some amends his frailties to confess;
Pray pardon him his want of wickedness:
He's towardly, and will come on apace;
His franck confession shows he has some grace.
You balk'd him when he was a young beginner,
And almost spoyl'd a very hopeful sinner:
But, if once more you slight his weak indeavour;
For ought I know, he may turn taile for ever.

The

THE
Wild Gallant.

The Scene *LONDON.*

Names of the perſons.

Lord *Nonſuch*,	An old rich humerous Lord.
Juſtice *Trice.*	His Neighbour.
Mr. *Loveby.*	The Wild Gallant.
Sir *Timorous.*	A baſhful Knight.
Failer, *Burr*,	Hangers on of Sir *Timorous.*
Bibber,	A Taylor.
Setſtone,	A Jeweller.

Women.

Lady *Conſtance*,	Lord *Nonſuch* his Daughter.
Madam *Iſabelle*,	Her Couſin.
Mrs. *Bibber.*	The Taylers Wife.

Sergeants.
Boy to *Loveby*,
Servants.
A Bawd and Whores.
Watch and Conſtable.

The

THE Wild Gallant.

SCENE LONDON

Act I. Scene I.

Failer *entring to* Burr; *who is putting on his Buff-Coat.*

Fail. WHat! Not ready yet, Man?

Burr. You do not consider my Voyage from *Holland* last night.

Fail. Pish, a meer Ferry; get up, get up; my Cousins Maid's will come and Blanket thee anon: Art thou not ashamed to lie a Bed so long?

Burr. I may be more ashamed to rise; and so you'l say, dear Heart, if you look upon my Cloaths; the best is, my Buff-coat will cover all.

Fail. I gad, there goes more cunning than one would think, to the putting thy Cloaths together: thy Doublet and Breeches are Guelphs and Ghibellins to one another; and the stiches of thy Doublet are

ſo far aſunder, that it ſeems to hang together by the Teeth. No Man could ever gueſs to what part of the Body theſe fragments did belong, unleſs he had been acquainted with 'm as long as thou haſt been. If they once loſe their hold, they can never get together again, except by chance the Rags hit the Tallies of one another. He that gets into thy Doublet, muſt not think to do't by ſtorme; no, he muſt win it inch by inch, as the *Turk* did *Rhodes*.

Burr. You are very merry with my Wardrobe: but till I am provided of a better, I am reſolv'd to receive all Viſits in this Truckle-bed.

Fail. Then will I firſt ſcotch the Wheels of it, that it may not run; thou haſt Cattle enough in it, to carry it down ſtairs, and break thy neck. 'tis got a yard nearer the door already.

Enter Boy.

Sir, Mr. *Bibber* your Taylor's below, and deſires to ſpeak with you.

Fail. He's an honeſt Fellow, and a faſhionable, he ſhall ſet thee forth I warrant thee.

Burr. I, but where's the Money for this dear Heart?

Fail. —— Well, but what think you of being put into a Suit of Cloaths, without Money? [*aſide.*

Burr. You ſpeak of Miracles.

Fail. Do you not know *Will. Bibbers* humor?

Burr. Prethee, What have I to do with his humor?

Fail. Break but a Jeſt, and he'll beg to truſt thee for a Suit; nay, he will contribute to his own deſtruction; and give thee occaſions to make one: he has been my Artificer theſe three years; and, all the while I have liv'd upon his favourable apprehenſion: Boy, conduct him up. [*Exit* Boy.

Burr. But, What am I the better for this? I ne'r made Jeaſt in all my life.

Fail. A bare clinch will ſerve the turn; a Carwichet, a Quarterquibble, or a Punn.

Burr. Wit from a Low-Countrey-Soldier? One that has convers'd with none but dull *Dutchmen* theſe ten yeares! What an unreaſonable Rogue art thou? why, I tell thee, 'tis as difficult to me, as to pay him ready Money.

Fail. Come,

Fail. Come, you shall be rul'd for your own good, Lie down; I'll throw the Cloaths over you to help Meditation; and, upon the first opportunity, start you up, and surprise him with a Jeast.

Burr. Well, I think this impossible to be done: but, however I'll attempt.

[*Lies down* Failer *covers him.*

Fail. Husht! he's coming up.

Enter Bibber.

Bib. Morrow Mr. *Failer*: What, I warrant you think I come a Dunning now?

Fail. No, I vow to Gad, *Will*, I have a better opinion of thy Wit, than to think, thou would'st come to so little purpose.

Bib. Pretty well that: No, no; my business is to drink my mornings-Draught in Sack with you.

Fail. Will not Ale serve the turn, *Will*?

Bib. I had too much of that last night; I was a little disguis'd, as they say.

Fail. Why disguis'd? Hadst thou put on a clean Band, or wash'd thy Face lately? those are thy Disguises, *Bibber.*

Bibb. Well, in short, I was drunk; damnably drunk with Ale; great Hogen Mogen bloody Ale: I was porterly drunk, and that I have of all things in Nature.

Burn. Rising: And of all things in Nature I love it best.

Bib. Art thou there I'faith; and why, old Boy?

Burr. Because when I am porterly drunk, I can carry my self.

Bib. Ha, ha Boy.

Fail. This Porter brings sad Newes to you *Will*, you must trust him for a suit of Cloathes, as bad as 'tis: come, h's an honest Fellow, and loves the King.

Bib. Why? it shall be my Suit to him, that I may trust him.

Burr. I grant your Suit, Sir,

Fail. Burr. Make hast and dress you: Sir *Timerous* Dines here to day you know him.

Burr. I, I a good honest young Fellow; but, no Conjurer; he and I are very kind.

Fail. I gad we two have a constant Revenue out of him: he would now be admitted Suitor to my Lady *Constance Norsuch*,

my Lord *Nonſuch* his Daughter; our Neighbour here in *Fleetſtreet.*

Burr. Is the Match in any forwardneſs?

Fail. He never ſaw her before yeſterday, and will not be brought to ſpeak to her this Moneth yet.

Burr. That's ſtrange.

Fail. Such a baſhful Knight did I never ſee; but we muſt move for him.

Bib. They ſay here's a great Dinner to be made to day here, at your Couſin *Trices*, on purpoſe for the enterview.

Burr. What he keeps up his old humor ſtill?

Fail. Yes certain; he admires eating and drinking well, as much as ever, and meaſures every mans wit, by the goodneſs of his Palate.

Burr. Who Dines here beſides.

Fail. Fat. Loveby.

Bib. O, my Gheſt.

Burr. He has ever had the repute of a brave clear-ſpirited Fellow.

Fail. He's one of your Dear Hearts, a Debauche.

Burr. I love him the better for't: the beſt Heraldry of a Gentleman is a Clap deriv'd to him, from three Generations: What fortune has he?

Fail. Good Fortune at all Games; but no Eſtate: he had one; but he has made a Devil on't long ago: he's a bold Fellow, I vow to Gad: a perſon that keeps company with his betters; and commonly has Gold in's pockets: come *Bibber*; I ſee thou longeſt to be at thy mornings watering: I'll try what credit I have with the Butler.

Burr. Come away my noble Feſtus and new Cuſtomer.

Fail. Now will he drink till his Face be no bigger than a threepence. (*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Loveby *and* Boy; *follow'd by* Frances Bibbers *Wife.*

Lov. Nay, the Devil take thee, sweet Landlady, hold thy tongue: Was't not enough thou hast scolded me from my Lodging, which, as long as I rent it, is my Castle; but to follow me here to Mr. *Trices*, where I am invited; and to discredit me before strangers, for a lowsy, Paltry summ of Money?

Franc. I tell you truely, Mr. *Loveby*, my husband and I cannot live by Love, as they say; we must have wherewithal, as they say; and pay for what we take; and so shall you, or some shall smoak for't.

Lov. Smoak! why a piece of hung Beef in *Holland* is not more smoakt, then thou hast Smoak'd me already. Thou know'st I am now fasting; let me have but fair play; when I have lined my sides with a good dinner, I'll ingage upon reputation to come home again, and thou shalt scold at me all the afternoon.

Franc. I'll take the Law on you.

Lov. The Law allows none to scold in their own Causes: What do'st thou think the Lawyers take our money for?

Franc. I hope you intend to deal by my Husband like a Gentleman, as they say?

Lov. Then I should beat him most unmercifully, and not pay him neither.

Franc. Come, you think to fobb me off with your Jests as you do my Husband; but it wonn't be: yonder he comes, and company with him; Husband, husband; why *William* I say!

Enter Bibber, Burr, *and* Failer *at the other end.*

Lov. Speak softly, and I will satisfie thee.

Franc. You shall not satisfie me, Sir; pay me for what you owe me, for Chamber-rent, and Diet, and many a good thing besides, that shall be nameless.

Lov. What a Stygian woman's this to talk thus? hold thy tongue till they be gone, or I'll Cuckold thy husband:

Franc. You.

Fran. You Cuckold him ——would you durſt Cuckold him; I will not hold my Tongue, Sir.

Bib. Yonders my Gueſt; what ſay you Gentlemen? ſhall I call him to go down with us?

Lov. I muſt make a looſe from her, there's no otherway: Save ye Mr. *Failer*; is your Couſin *Trice* ſtirring yet: anſwer me quickly Sir, is your Couſin *Trice* yet ſtirring?

Fail. I'll go and ſee, Sir; ſure the man has a mind to beat me; but I vow to Gad I have no mind to be beaten by him: come away *Burr. Will.* you'll follow us.

Bib. I'll be with you immediately —— [*Exeunt* Burr. Failer.

Lov. Who was that with *Failer*, *Will.*

Bib. A man at Armes, that's come from *Holland.*

Lov. A man out at Armes thou mean'ſt, *Will.*

Bib. Good I'faith.

Franc. I, I; you run queſting up and down after your Gambols, and your Jeſts *William*; and never mind the main chance, as they ſay: pray get in your Debts, and think upon your Wife and Children.

Lov. Think upon the Sack at *Cary-Houſe*, with the *Apricot* flavour *Will.* hang a Wife; What is ſhe, but a lawful kind of Manſlayer? every little hugg in bed, is a degree of murdering thee: and for thy Children fear u'm not: thy part of u'm ſhall be Taylors, and they ſhall truſt; and thoſe thy Cuſtomers get for thee ſhall be Gentlemen, and they ſhall be truſted by their Brethren; and ſo thy children ſhall live by one another.

Bib. Did you mark that *Frances*? there was wit now; he call'd me Cuckold to my face, and yet for my heart I cannot be angry with him: I perceive you love *Frances*, Sir, and I love her the better for your ſake; ſpeak truly, do you like ſuch a pretty brown kind of woman?

Lov. I do I'faith, *Will*, your fair Women have no ſubſtance in u'm they ſhrink Ith' wetting.

Franc. Well, you may be undone if you will Husband: I hear there are 2 or 3 Actions already out againſt him: you may be the laſt, if you think good.

Bib. 'Tis true ſhe tel's me; I love your wit well Sir, but I muſt cut my coat according to my cloath.

Franc. Sir,

Franc. Sir, we'll come by our own as we can; if you put us off from week to week thus.

Lov. Nay, but good Landlady ——

Franc. Will good Landlady set on the Pot, as they say; or make the Jack goe; then I'll hear you.

Bib. Now she's too much on the t'other hand: hold your prating *Frances*; or I'll put you out of your Pater Nosters with a sorrow to you.

Franc. I did but lay the Law open to him, as they say, whereby to get our money in: but if you knew how he had used me Husband.

Bib. Has he us'd you *Frances*; put so much more into his Bill for Lodging.

Lov. Honest *Will*, and so he dy'd; I thank thee little *Bibber*, being sober, and when I am drunk, I will kiss thee for't.

Bib. Thank me, and pay me my money, Sir; though I could not forbear my jest, I do not intend to lose by you; if you pay me not the sooner, I must provide you another Lodging; say I gave you warning.

Lov. Against next quarter Landlord?

Bib. Of an hour Sir.

Lov. That's short warning, *Will.*

Bib. By this hand you shall up into the Garret where the little bed is; I'll let my best room to a better paymaster; you know the Garret, Sir.

Franc. I, he knows it by a good Token Husband.

Lov. I sweat to think of that Garret, *Will.* thou art not so unconscionable to put me there: why 'tis a kind of little ease, to cramp thy rebellious Prentices in; I have seen an Usurers Iron Chest would hold two on't: a penny Looking-glass cannot stand upright in the Window; that and the Brush fills it: the Hat-case must be dispos'd under the Bed, and the Comb-case will hang down from the Seeling to the Floore. If I chance to Dine in my Chamber, I must stay till I am empty before I can get out: and if I chance to spill the Chamber-pot, it will over-flow it from top to bottom.

Bib. Well, for the description of the Garret, I'll bate you something of the Bill.

Lov. All, all, good *Will.* or to stay thy fury till my Rents come up; I will describe thy little Face.

Bib. No, rather describe your own little money; I am sure that's so Little, it is not visible.

Lov. You,

Lov. You are ith' right, I have not a crois at preſent, as I am a ſinner; and you will not believe me, I'll turn my Pockets inſide outward ——— Ha! What's the meaning of this, my Pockets heavy? Has my ſmal Officer put in Counters to abuſe me? — How now, yellow Boyes, by this good light! Sirrah, Varlet, how came I by this Gold? Ha!

Boy. What Gold do you mean, Sir? the Devil-a-piece you had this morning: in theſe laſt three weeks, I have almoſt forgot what my Teeth were made for; laſt night good Mrs. *Bibber* here took pitty on me, and crumm'd me a Meſs of Cruel, with the Children, and I popt and popt my Spoon three or four times to my mouth, before I could find the way to't.

Lov. 'Tis ſtrange, how I ſhould come by ſo much Money! (*aſide.* Has there been no body about my Chamber this morning, Landlady?

Boy. O yes, Sir; I forgot to tell you that: this Morning a ſtrange Fellow, as ever eyes beheld, would needs come up to you when you were aſleep; but when he came down again, he ſaid, He had not wak'd you.

Lov. Sure this Fellow, who e'r he was, was ſent by Fortune to miſtake me into ſo much Money.—Well, this is not the firſt time my neceſſities have been ſtrangely ſupply'd: ſome *Cadua* or other has a kindneſs for me, that's certain: (*aſide.* ——— Well Monſieur *Bibber*, from henceforward I'll keep my wit for more refin'd ſpirits; you ſhall be payd with dirt; —— there's Money for you.

Bib. Nay, Good Sir. —

Lov. What's your ſumm? tell it out: Will the Money burn your fingers? Sirrah, Boy, fetch my Suit with the Gold Lace at Sleeves from Tribulation —— Gives him Gold. [*Exit.* Boy. Mr. *Taylour*, I ſhall turn the better Bill-man, and knock that little Coxcomb of yours, if you do not anſwer me what I owe you.

Bib. Pray Sir, troub'e not your ſelf; 'tis nothing; Ifeck now 'tis not.

Lov. How, nothing Sir?

Franc. And't pleaſe your worſhip, it was ſeventeen pounds and a Noble, yeſterday at noon, your worſhip knows: and then your worſhip came home ill laſt night, and complain'd of your worſhips head; and I ſent for three Diſhes of *Tea* ſo your good worſhip, and that was ſix pence more, and pleaſe your worſhip's honor.

Lov. Well

Lov. Well; there's eighteen pieces, tell u'm.

Bib. I ſay, *Frances*, do not take u'm,

Lov. What, Is all your pleading of neceſſity come to this?

Bib. Now I ſee he will pay, he ſhall not pay, *Frances*; go home, and fetch him the whole bag of forty pounds, I'll lend it him, and the Leaſe of the Houſe too; he ſhall want for nothing.

Lov. Take the Money, or I'll leave your houſe.

Bib. Nay, rather than diſpleaſe his Worſhip, take it.

[*She takes it.*

Lov. So, ſo; go home quietly, and Suckle my God-ſon, *Francis*.

[*Exit* Frances.

Bib. If you are for the Cellar, Sir, you know the way. [*Exit* Bibber.

Lov. No, my firſt viſit ſhall be to my Miſtriſs, the Lady *Conſtance Nonſuch*: She's diſcreet, and how the Devil ſhe comes to love me, I know not; yet I am pretty confident ſhe loves me: well, no woman can be wiſer than, you know what will give her leave to be.

Enter Lady Conſtance, *and Madam* Iſabella.

Iſa. Look, look; Is not that your Servant, *Loveby*.?

Love. 'Tis ſhe; there's no being ſeen, till I am better habited——

[*Exit* Loveby.

Conſt. Let him go, and take no notice of him: poor Rogue! He little thinks I know his poverty.

Iſa. And leſs, that you ſupply it by an unknown hand.

Conſt. I, and falſified my Fathers Keyes to do it.

Iſa. How can you anſwer this to your diſcretion?

Conſt. Who could ſee him want ſhe loves?

Enter Setſtone.

Iſa. Oh here's Mr. *Setſtone* come, your Jeweller, Madam.

Conſt. Welcome *Setſtone*, haſt thou perform'd thy viſit Happily, and without diſcovery?

Set. As you would wiſh it, Madam: I went up to his Chamber without interruption; and there found him Drowning his cares, and pacifying his hunger with ſleep; Which advantage I took, and undiſcovered by him left The Gold divided in his Pockets.

Const. Well, this Money will furnish him I hope, that we may have his company again.

Set. Two hundred and fifty good pounds, Madam! Has your Father miss'd it yet?

Const. No; if he had, we should have all heard on't before now: but, pray God Monsieur *Loveby* has no other haunts to divert him now he's ransom'd: what a kind of woman is his Landlady?

Sett. Well enough to serve a Taylor; or to kiss when he comes home drunk, or wants money; but, far unlikely to create jealousie in your Ladiship.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Justice *Trice* desires your Ladiships excuse, that he has not yet perform'd the Civilities of his hour to you; he is dispatching a little business, about which he is earnestly employed.

Const. He's Master of his own occasions. [*Exit* Servant.

Isa. We shall see him anon, with his face as read, as if it had been boyl'd in pump-water: but, When comes this Miror of Knighthood that is to be presented you for your Servant?

Const. Oh, 'tis well thought on; 'Faith thou know'st my affections are otherwise dispos'd; he's rich, and thou want'st a Fortune; atchieve him if thou can'st; 'tis but trying, and thou hast as much wit as any Wench in *England.*

Isa. On condition you'l take it for a Courtesie to be ridd of an Ass, I care not if I marry him: the old foole, your Father, would be so importunate to match you with a young Foole, that partly for quietness sake I am content to take him.

Const. To take him! then you make sure on't.

Isa. As sure, as if the Sack Posset were already eaten.

Const. But, What means wilt thou use to get him?

Isa. I'll bribe *Failer*, he's the man.

Const. Why this Knight is his inheritance; he lives upon him: Do'st thou think he'll ever admit thee to govern him? no, he fears thy wit too much: besides, he has already received an hundred pound to make thee Match between Sir *Timorous* and me.

Isa. 'Tis

Isa. 'Tis all one for that; I warrant you he sells me Fee-simple of him.

Set. Your Father, Madam. ——

Enter Nonsuch.

Isab. The Tempest is risen; I see it in his face; he puffs and blowes yonder, as if two of the Winds were fighting upwards and downwards in his belly.

Set. Will he not find your false Keyes, Madam?

Isa. I hope he will have more Humanity then to search us.

Const. You are come after us betimes, Sir.

Non. Oh Child! I am undone; I am robb'd, I am robb'd; I have utterly lost all stomach to my dinner.

Const. Robb'd! good my Lord how, or of what?

Non. Two hundred and fifty pounds in fair Gold out of my Study: an hundred of it I was to have paid a Courtier this afternoon for a Bribe.

Set. I protest, my Lord, I had as much a do to get that parcel of Gold for your Lordship. ——

Non. You must get me as much more against to morrow; for then my Friend at Court is to pay his Mercer.

Isa. Nay, if that be all, there's no such hast: the Courtiers are not so forward to pay their Debts.

Const. Has not the *Monkey* been in the Study? he may have carried it away, and dropt it under the Garden-window: the grass is long enough to hide it.

Non. I'll go see immediately.

Enter Failer, Burr, Timorous.

Fail. This is the Gentleman, my Lord

Non. He's welcome ——

Fail. And this the particular of his Estate.

Non. That's welcome too.

Fail. But, besides the Land here mentioned, he has wealth in specie.

Non. A very fine young Gentleman.

Tim. Now, my Lord, I hope there's no great need of Wooing: I suppose my Estate will speak for me; yet, if you please to put in a word.

Non. That will I instantly.

Tim. I hope I shall have your good word too Madam, to your Cousin for me; [*To* Isabelle.]

Isa. Any thing within my power, Sir *Timerous.*

Non. Daughter, here's a person of Quality, and one that loves and honours you exceedingly ——

Tim. Nay, good my Lord! you discover all at first dash.

Non. Let me alone, Sir; Have not I the dominion over my own Daughter? *Constance*, here's a Knight in love with you, Childe.

Const. In love with me, my Lord, it is not possible.

Non. Here he stands that will make it good, Childe.

Tim. Who I, my Lord? I hope her Ladyship has a better opinion of me than so.

Non. What, Are not you in love with my Daughter? I'll be Sworn you told me so but even now: I'll eat words for no man.

Tim. If your Ladyship will believe all reports that are raised on Men of Quality ——

Non. He told it me with his own mouth, Child: I'll eat words for no man; that's more then ever I told him yet.

Fail. You told him so but just now; fye, Sir *Timerous.*

Non. He shall have no Daughter of mine and he were a thousand Knights; he told me, he hop'd I would speak for him: I'll eat no mans words; that's more than ever I told him yet.

Isa. You need not keep such a pudder about eating his words; you see he has eaten u'm already for you.

Non. I'll make him stand to his words; and he shall not marry my Daughter neither: by this good day, I will —— [*Exit* Nonsuch.

Const. 'Tis an ill day to him; he has lost 250 *l.* in't. [*To* Isab.

Burr. He swears at the rate of two thousand pounds a year, if the *Rump* Act were still in being.

Fail. He's in passion man; and besides, he has been a great Fanatick formerly, and now has got a habit of Swearing, that he may be thought a Cavalier.

Burr. What

Burr. What noiſe is that? I think I hear your Couſin *Trice*'s voice.

Fail. I'll go ſee——— *Exit* Fail.

Iſab. Come Sir *Timerous*, be not diſcouraged: 'tis but an old mans frowardneſs; he's alwayes thus againſt raine.

Enter Failer.

Fail. O Madam follow me quickly; and if you do not ſee ſport, Melancholly be upon my head.———

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The Scene changes, and Trice *is diſcovered playing at Tables by himſelf, with Spectacles on, a Bottle, and Parmezan by him; they return and ſee him, undiſcovered by him.*

Trice. Cinque and Cater: my Cinque I play here Sir, my Cater here Sir: Now for you Sir: but firſt I'll drink to you Sir; upon my faith I'll do you reaſon Sir: mine was thus full Sir: pray mind your play Sir: ——Size Ace I have thrown: I'll play em at length Sir: ——will you Sir? then you have made a blot Sir; I'll try if I can enter: I have hit you Sir.

——I think you can cog a Dye Sir.

——I cog a Dye Sir? I play as fair as you, or any man.

——You lye Sir, how lye Sir; I'll teach you what 'tis to give a Gentleman the lye Sir.——

[*Throws down the Tables.*

They all laugh and diſcover themſelves.

Iſab. Is this your ſerious buſineſs?

Trice. O you Rogue are you there? you are welcome huſwife, and ſo are you *Conſtance, fa tol de re tol de re la.*

Claps their backs.

Iſab. Prithee be not ſo rude *Trice.*

Trice: Huſwife *Conſtance*, I'll have you into my Larder, and ſhew you my proviſion: I have Cocles, dainty fat Cocles that came in the night; if they had ſeen the day, I would not have given a fart for u'm. I would the King had u'm.

Conſt. He has as good I warrant you.

Trice: Nay that's a lye, I could ſit and cry for him ſometimes

he

he does not know what 'tis to eat a good meal in a whole year: his Cooks are Asses: I have a delicate dish of Ruffs to dinner Sirrah.

Const. To dinner!

Trice. To dinner! why by supper they had been past their prime. I'll tell thee the story of 'um: I have a friend.——

Enter Servant.

Sir Dinner's upon the Table.

Trice. Well, well; I have a friend as I told you.——

Serv. Dinner stayes Sir, 'tis Dinner that stayes: sure he will hear now.

Trice. I have a friend as I told you.——

Isab. I believe h's your friend, you are so loath to part with him.

Trice. Away; away; —— I'll tell you the story between the courses. Go you to the Cook immediately, Sirrah; and bring me word what we have to supper, before we go to dinner; I love to have the satisfaction of the day before me.

Exeunt omnes.

Act. II. Scene II.

Enter as from Dinner, Trice, Timerous, Failer, Burr, Constace, Isabelle.

Trice. SPeak thy conscience; was it not well dress'd sirrah?

Tim. What think you of the Park, after our plenteous entertainment Madam?

Isab. I defie the Park, and all its works.

Const. Come, Mr. *Trice*, we'll walk in your Garden.

Exeunt preter Failer and Burr.

Fail. O, one thing I had almost forgot to tell you: one of us two must ever be near Sir *Timerous.*

Burr. Why?

Fail. To guard our interest in him from the Enemy Madam *Isabelle,*

belle; who, I doubt, has designes upon him. I do not fear her wit, but her sex; she carries a prevailing argument about her.

Enter Bibber *with a Bottle.*

Bib. By this hand, I have a light upon the best wine in your Cousins Cellar, drink but one glass to me, to shew I am welcome, and I am gone.

Fail. Here then, honest *Will.* 'tis a cup of forbearance to thee.

Bib. Thank you Sir, I'll pledge you——now here's to you again.

Fail. Come away; what is't *Will.*

Bib. 'Tis what you christened it, a cup of forbearance Sir.

Fail. Why, I drank that to thee *Will.* that thou shouldst forbear thy money.

Bib. And I drink this to you, Sir; henceforward I'll forbear working for you.

Fail. Then say I: take a little Bibber, and throw him in the River, and if he will trust never, then there let him lie ever.

Bib. Then say I: take a little *Failer*, and throw him to the Jaylour; and there let him lie, till he has paid his Tailor.

Bur. You are very smart upon one another Gentlemen.

Fail. This is nothing between us; I use to tell him of his Title, *Fiery facias*; and his setting dog, that runs into Ale-houses before him, and comes questing out again, if any of the woots his customers be within.

Bib. I faith 'tis true; and I use to tell him of his two Capons tails about his hat, that are laid spread eagle wise to make a feather; I would go into the snow at any time, and in a quarter of an hour I would come in with a better feather upon my head; and so farewell Sir; I have had the better on you hitherto, and for this time I am resolved to keep it. [*Exit* Bibber.

Fail. The rogue's too hard for me; but the best on't is, I have my revenge upon his purse.

Enter Isabelle.

Isab. Came not Sir *Timerous* this way, Gentlemen? he left us in the Garden, and said he would look out my Lord *Nonsuch*, to make his peace with him.

Fail. Madam

Fail. Madame, I like not your enquiring after Sir *Timerous*: I ſuſpect you have ſome deſign upon him: you would fain undermine your Couſin, and marry him your ſelf.

Iſab. Suppoſe I ſhould deſign it; what are you the worſe for my good fortune? Shall I make a propoſition to you: I know you two carry a great ſtroke with him: make the match between us, and propound to your ſelves what advantages you can reaſonably hope: you ſhall chouſe him of horſes, cloathes and Money, and I'll wink at it.

Bur. And if he will not be chous'd, ſhall we beat him out on't?

Iſab. For that, as you can agree.

Fail. Give us a handſel of the bargain; let us enjoy you, and 'tis a match.

Iſab. Grammarcy ifaith boyes; I love a good offer how e'r the world goes: but you would not be ſo baſe to wrong him that way.

Fail. I vow to gad but I would Madam: in a horſe or a woman I may lawfully cheat my own Father: beſides, I know the Knights complexion; he would be ſure to follow other women; and all that.

Iſab. Nay, if he fought with the ſword, he ſhould give me leave to fight with the Scabbard.

Bur. What ſay you Madam? is't a bargain.

Iſab. 'Tis but a promiſe; and I have learnt a Court trick for performing any thing. (aſide) Well Gentlemen, when I am married I'll think upon you; you'll grant there's a neceſſity I ſhould Cuckold him, if it were but to prove my ſelf a Wit.

Fail. Nay, there's no doubt you'll Cuckold him; and all that; for look you he's a perſon fit for nothing elſe; but I fear we ſhall not have the graffing of the horns; we muſt have Livery and Seiſin before hand of you, or I proteſt to gad we believe you not.

Iſa. I have paſt my word, is't not ſufficient? what do you think, I would tell a lie to ſave ſuch a paltrie thing as a night's lodging? ——Hark you Sir: (to *Burr.*)

Fail. Now will ſhe attempt *Burr*; igad ſhe has found him out for the weaker veſſel.

Iſa. I have no kindneſs for that *Failer*, we'll ſtrike him out, and manage Sir *Timerous* our ſelves.

Burr: Indeed we wonnot.

Iſa. *Failer*'s a Rook, and beſides, he's ſuch a debauched fellow.

Burr. I am ten times worſe.

Iſa.

Isa. Leave it, and him that taught it you: you have virtuous inclinations, and I would not have you ruine your self. He that serves many Mistresses, surfeits on his diet, and grows dead to the whole sex: 'tis the folly in the world next long ears and braying.

Bur. Now I'm sure you have a mind to me; when a woman once falls to preaching, the next thing is ever use and application.

Isa. Forbear your rudeness——

Bur. Then I am sure you meant to jilt me: you decline *Failer* because he has wit; and you think me such an ass, that you may pack me off so soon as you are married; no, no, I'll not venture certainties for uncertainties.

Isa. I can hold no longer; Mr. *Failer*, what do you think this fellow was saying of you?

Fail. Of me, Madam.

Isa. That you were one of the erranteſt Cowards in Christendom, though you went for one of the Dear Hearts: that your name had been upon more posts than play-bills: and that he had been acquainted with you these seven years, drunk and sober, and yet could never fasten a quarrel upon you.

Bur. Do you believe this, Dear Heart?

Isa. If you deny it, I'll take his sword, and force you to confess it.

Fail. I vow to gad, this will not do, Madam: you shall not set us at variance so easily; neither shall you have Sir *Timerous*.

Isa. No! then mark my words: I'll marry him in spight of you; and which is worse, you shall both work my ends; and I'll discard you for your pains.

Fail. You shall not touch a bit of him: I'll preserve his humbles from you igad; they shall be his Keepers fees.

Bur. She shall cut an Atome sooner than divide us.

Exeunt Burr *and* Failer.

Enter Constance.

Con. I have given 'm the slip in the Garden, to come and overhear thee: no fat overgrown virgin of forty ever offer'd her self so dog cheap, or was more despis'd: me-thinks now this should mortifie thee exceedingly.

Isa. Not a whit the more for that: Cousin mine, our Sex is not so easily put out of conceit with our own beauties.

Con. Thou hast lost the opinion of thy honesty, and got nothing in recompence: now that's such an oversight in a Lady.

Isab. You are deceiv'd; they think me too virtuous for their purpose; but I have yet another way to try, and you shall help me.

Enter Loveby *new habited.*

Const. Mr. *Loveby*, welcome, welcome: where have you been this fortnight.

Lov. Faith Madam, out of Town to see a little thing that's fallen to me upon the death of a Grandmother.

Const. You thank death for the windfall, Servant: but why are you not in mourning for her.

Lov. Troth Madam it came upon me so suddenly I had not time: twas a fortune utterly unexpected by me.

Isab. Why, was your Grandmother so young you could not look for her disease?

Lov. Not for that neither; but I had many other kindred whom she might have left it to, only she heard I liv'd here in fashion, and spent my money in the eye of the world.

Const. You forge these things prettily; but I have heard you are as poor as a decimated Cavalier, and had not one foot of land in all the world.

Lov. Rivals tales, Rivals tales, Madam.

Const. Where lies your land, Sir?

Lov. I'll tell you Madam, it has upon it a very fair Manor house; from one side you have in prospect an hanging Garden.

Isa. Who was hang'd there? not your Grandmother I hope?

Lov. In the midst of it you have a Fountain; you have seen that at *Hampton-Court*; it will serve to give you a slight image of it. Beyond the Garden you look to a River through a Perspective of fruit-trees; and beyond the River you see a Mead so flowry: well I shall never be at quiet, till we two make hay there.

Const. But where lies this Paradice?

Lov. Pox on't, I am thinking to sell it, it has such a villanous unpleasant name; it would have sounded so harsh in a Ladies ear. But for the Fountain, Madam——

Const. The Fountain's a poor excuse, it will not hold water; come the name, the name.

Lov. Faith it is come so lately into my hands, that I have forgot the name on't.

Isa.

Isab. That's much, now, you should forget the name, and yet could make such an exact description of the place.

Lov. If you will needs know, the name's *Bawdy*; sure this will give a stop to their curiosity. (*aside.*)

Isa. At least you'll tell us in what County it lies, that my Cousin may send to enquire about it; come, this shall not serve your turn, tell us any Town that's near it.

Lov. 'Twill be somewhat too far to send; it lies in the very North of *Scotland.*

Isa. In good time, a Paradice in the *Highlands*; is't not so Sir?

Const. It seems you went Post, Servant: in troth you are a rank rider, to go to the North of *Scotland*, stay and take possession, and return again, in ten days time.

Isa. I never knew your Grandmother was a *Scotch* woman: is she not a *Tartar* too: pray whistle for her, and lets see her daunce: come —— whist Grannee!

Const. Fie fie Servant; what no invention in you? all this while a studying for a name of your Manor? come, come, where lyes it? tell me.

Lov. No faith, I am wiser than so; I'll discover my Seat to no man; so I shall have some damn'd Lawyer keep a prying into my title to defeat me of it.

Const. How then shall I be satisfied there is such a thing in Nature?

Lov. Tell me what Jewel you would wear, and you shall have it: Enquire into my money, there's the trial.

Const. Since you art so flush, Sir, you shall give me a Locket of Diamonds of three hundred pounds.

Isa. That was too severe; you know he has but 250 *l.* to bestow. [*to her.*]

Lov. Well you shall have it, Madam: but I cannot higgle: I know you'll say it did not cost above 200 pieces.

Isa. I'll be hanged if he does not present you with a parcel of melted Flints set in Gold, of *Norfolk* pebbles.

Lov. Little Gentlewoman you are so keen: —— Madam, this night I have appointed business, to morrow I'll wait upon you with it.

Exit Loveby.

Isa. By that time he has bought his Locket, and paid his Land-

lady, all his Money will be gone: but, Do you mean to profecute your plot, to ſee him this evening?

Conſt. Yes, and that very privately; if my Father know it I am undone.

Enter Setſtone.

Iſa. I heard him ſay this night he had appointed buſineſs.

Set. Why that was it Madam; according to your order I put on a diſguiſe, and found him in the *Temple*-Walkes: having drawn him aſide, I told him, if he expected happineſs, he muſt meet me in a blind Alley I nam'd to him, on the back-ſide of Mr. *Trices* houſe, juſt at the cloſe of evening; there he ſhould be ſatisfied from whom he had his ſuplies of Money.

Conſt. And how did he receive the Summons?

Set. Like a bold Hector of *Troy*; without the leaſt doubt or ſcruple: but, the jeaſt on't was, he would needs believe that I was the Devil.

Conſt. Sure he was afraid to come then.

Set. Quite contrary; he told me I need not be ſo ſhy, to acknowledge my ſelf to him; he knew I was the Devil; but he had learnt ſo much civility, as not to preſs his Friend to a farther diſcovery, than he was pleaſed, I ſhould ſee I had to do with a Gentleman; and any Courteſie I ſhould confer on him he would not be unthankful; for he hated ingratitude of all things.

Conſt. 'Twas well carried not to diſabuſe him: I laugh to think what ſport I ſhall have anon, when I convince him of his lies, and let him know I was the Devil to whom he was beholding for his Money: go *Setſtone*; and in the ſame diſguiſe be ready for him.

(*Exit.* Setſtone.

Iſa. How dare you truſt this fellow?

Conſt. I muſt truſt ſome body; gain has made him mine, and now fear will keep him faithful.

To them, Bur, Failer, Timorous, Trice, Nonſuch.

Fail. Pray, my Lord, take no picque at it: 'tis not given to all men to be confident: Igad you ſhall ſee Sir *Timorous* will redeem all upon the next occaſion.

Non. A-

Non. A raw mieking Boy.

Isa. And what are you but an old Boy of five and fifty; I never knew any thing so humorsome.———I warrant you, Sir *Timerous*, I'll speak for you.

Non. Would'st thou have me be friends with him! for thy sake he shall onely add five hundred a year to her Joynture, and I'll be satisfied: come you hither, Sir.

Here Trice *and* Nonsuch *end* Timorous, *talk privately*; Burr *with* Failer *apart*; Constance *with* Isabelle.

Const. You'l not find your account in this trick to get *Failer* beaten; 'tis too palpable and open.

Isa. I warrant you 'twill pass upon *Burr* for a time: so my revenge, and your interest will go on together.

Fail. Burr, there's mischief a brewing, I know it by their whifpring I vow to gad: look to your self, their designs on you; for my part I am a person that am above u'm.

Tim. to *Trice*: But then you must speak for me Mr. *Trice*; and you too my Lord.

Non. If you deny't again, I'll beat you; look to't Boy.

Trice. Come on; I'll make the bargain.

Isa. You were ever good in a Flesh Market.

Trice. Come you little Harlotry; What satisfaction can you give me for running away before the Ruffs came in?

Const. Why I left you to u'm, that ever invite your own belly to the greatest part of all your feasts.

Trice. I have brought you a Knight here Huswife, with a plentiful Fortune to furnish out a Table; and, What would you more? Would you be an angel in Heaven?

Isab. Your minds ever upon your belly.

Trice. No; 'tis sometimes upon yours: but, What say'st thou to Sir *Timirous*, little *Constance*?

Const. Would you have me married to that King *Midas* Face?

Trice. *Midas* me no *Midas*; he's a Wit; he understands eating and drinking well: *Poeta coquus*, the heathen Philosopher, could tell you that.

Const. Come

Conſt. Come on Sir; What's your will with me? (*Laughs*)

Tim. Why Madam, I could onely wiſh we were a little better acquainted, that we might not laugh at one another ſo.

Conſt. If the Fool puts forward I am undone.

Tim. Fool! Do you know me Madam?

Conſt. You may ſee I know you, becauſe I call you by your name.

Fail. You muſt endure theſe rebukes with patience, Sir *Timorous*.

Conſt. What, are you Plannet ſtroke? Look you, my Lord, the Gentleman is Tongue-ty'd.

Non. This is paſt enduring.

Fail. 'Tis nothing, my Lord; Courage, Sir *Timorous*.

Non. I ſay 'tis paſt enduring; that's more then ever I told you yet: Do you come to make a fool of my Daughter?

Iſa. Why Lord——

Non. Why Lady—— (*Exit* Nonſuch.

Trice. Let's follow the old Man, and pacifie him.

Iſa. Now Couſin—— *Exeunt* Iſabelle, Trice, Burr.

Conſt. Well Mr. *Failer*, I did not think you of all the reſt would have endeavoured a thing ſo much againſt my inclination, as this Marriage: if you had been acquainted with my heart, I am ſure you would not.

Fail. What can the meaning of this be? you would not have me believe you love me; and yet how otherwiſe to underſtand you I vow to gad I cannot comprehend.

Conſt. I did not ſay I lov'd you, but if I ſhould take a fancy to your Perſon and Humour: I hope it is no Crime to tell it you: Women are ty'd to hard unequal Laws: the paſſion is the ſame in us, and yet we are debarr'd the freedom to expreſs it. You make poor *Grecian* beggars of us Ladies; our deſires muſt have no language; but onely be faſtned to our breaſts.

Fail. Come, come; I gad I know the whole Sex of you: your Love's at beſt but a kind of blind-mans-buff, catching at him that's next in your way.

Conſt. Well Sir, I can take nothing ill from you; when 'tis too late you'l ſee how unjuſt you have been to me.—— I have ſaid too much already.—— (*is going.*)

Fail. Nay,

Fail. Nay, ſtay ſweet Madam: I vow to gad my fortunes better than I could imagine.

Conſt. No, pray let me go, Sir; perhaps I was in jeaſt.

Fail. Really Madam, I look upon you as a perſon of ſuch worth and all that, that I Vow to gad I honour you of all perſons in the World; and though I am a perſon that am inconſiderable in the World, and all that Madam, yet for a perſon of your worth and excellency, I would ——

Conſt. What would you, Sir?

Fail. Sacrifice my life and fortunes, I vow to gad, Madam.

Enter Iſabelle, Burr, *and* Timorous *at a diſtance from them.*

Iſa. There's *Failer* cloſe in Talk with my Couſin; he's ſolliciting your ſuit, I warrant you, Sir *Timorous*: do but obſerve with what paſſion he courts for you.

Burr. I do not like that kneading of her hand though.

Iſa. Come, you are ſuch a jealous Coxcomb: I warrant you ſuſpect there's ſome amour between u'm; there can be nothing in't it is ſo open: pray obſerve.

Burr. But, How come you ſo officious, Madam; you, that e'r now had a deſign upon Sir *Timorous* for your ſelf?

Iſa. I thought you had a better opinion of my Wit, than to think I was in earneſt. My Couſen may do what ſhe pleaſes, but he ſhall never pin himſelf upon me aſſure him.

Conſt. } Sir *Timorous* little knows how dangerous a perſon he has
to *Fail.* } employed in making love: —— (*aloud*)

Burr. How's this! Pray my Lady *Conſtance*, what's the meaning of that you ſay to *Failer*?

Fail. What luck was this, that he ſhould over-hear you! pax on't!

Conſt. Mr. *Burr*, I owe you not that ſatisfaction; what you have heard you may interpret as you pleaſe.

Tim. The Raſcal has betray'd me.

Iſa. In earneſt, Sir, I do not like it.

Fail. Dear Mr. *Burr*, be pacify'd; you are a perſon I have an ho-

nour

nour for; and this change of Affairs shall not be the worse for you I gad Sir.

Const. Bear up resolutely Mr. *Failer*; and maintain my Favours, as becomes my servant.

Burr. He maintain u'm! go you *Judas*! I'll teach you what 'tis to play fast and loose with a Man of War (*Kickes him.*

Tim. Lay it on *Burr.*

Isa. Spare him not, *Burr.*

Const. Fear him not, *Servant.*

Fail. Oh, oh; would no body were on my side; here I am prais'd I vow to gad into all the Colours of the Rainbow.

Const. But, remember 'tis for me.

Burr. As you like this, proceed, Sir; but, come not near me to night, while I'm in wrath. (*Exeunt* Burr *and* Timorous.

Const. Come, Sir; How fare you after your sore Trial: you bore it with a most heroick patience.

Isa. Brave man at Armes, but weak to *Balthazer!*

Fail. I hope to gad, Madam, you'l consider the merit of my sufferings: I would not have been beaten thus, but to obey that person in the World ——

Const. Heaven reward you for't: I never shall.

Fail. How Madam!

Isa. Art thou such an Ass as not to perceive thou art abused: this beating I contriv'd for you: you know upon what acount; and have yet another or two at your service: yield up the Knight in time, 'tis your best course.

Fail, Then, Does not your Ladyship Love me Madam?

Const. Yes, yes; I love to see you beaten.

Isa. Well, methinks now you have had a hard bargain on't: you have lost your Cully, Sir *Timorous*; and your Friend *Burr*, and all to get a poor beating: but I'll see it mended against next time for you. (*Exeunt* Constance, Isabelle *Laughing.*

Fail. I am so much amaz'd, I vow to gad, I do not understand my own condition. (*Exit* Failer.

Enter

Enter Loveby *ſolus in the dark, his Sword drawn, groping out his way.*

Loveby. This is the time and place he 'pointed me; and 'tis certainly the Devil I am to meet; for no mortal creature could have that kindneſs for me, to ſupply my neceſſities as he has done, nor could have done it in ſo ſtrange a manner: he told me he was a Scholar, and had been a Parſon in the Fanaticks times; a ſhrewd ſuſpition it was the Devil; or at leaſt a limb of him. If the Devil can ſend Churchmen on his Errands, Lord have mercy on the Layety! well, let every man ſpeak as he finds, and give the Devil his due; I think him a very honeſt and well-natur'd fellow: and if I hear any man ſpeak ill of him, (except it be a Parſon that gets his liv ng by it) I wear a Sword at his Service: yet for all this I do not much care to ſee him. He does not meane to hook me in for my Soul, Does he? if he does, I ſhall deſire to be excus'd. But what a Rogue am I, ro ſuſpect a perſon that has dealt ſo like a Gentleman by me? he comes to bring me Money, and would do it handſomely, that it might not be perceiv'd: let it be as 'twill, I'll ſeem to truſt him, and then if he have any thing of a Gentleman in him, he will ſcorn to deceive me, as much as I would to couſin him, if I were the Devil, and he *Jack Loveby.*

Enter Failer *at t'other end of the Stage.*

Fail. What will become of me to night! I am juſt in the condition of an out-lying-Deere, that's beaten from his walk for offering to rutt: Enter I dare not for *Burr.*

Lov. I hear a voice, but nothing do I ſee; ſpeak what thou art.

Fail. There he is, watching for me: I muſt venture to run by him; and when I am in, I hope my Couſin *Trice* will defend me: the Devil would not lie abroad in ſuch a night.

Lov. I thought it was the Devil before he nam'd himſelf.

[Failer *goes to run off, and falls into* Loveby's *armes.*

Lov. Honeſt Sathan! well encounter'd! I am ſorry with all my heart it is ſo dark: 'Faith I ſhould be very glad to ſee thee at my

Lodging; prithee let's not be such strangers to one another for the time to come; and, What hast thou got under thy Cloak there little Sathan; I warrant thou hast brought me some more Money.

Fail. Help, help; Thieves, thieves.

[Loveby *lets him go.*

Lov. This is *Failers* voice: How the Devil was I mistaken! I must get off, e'r Company comes in. (*Exit* Loveby.

Fail. Thieves! Thieves!

Enter Trice, Burr, Timorous, *undress'd.*

All: Where! where!

Fail. One was here just now; and it should be *Loveby* by his voice, but I have no Witness.

Trice. It cannot be; he wants no Money.

Burr. Come, Sirrah; I'll take pity on you to night; you shall lie in the Truckle-bed.

Trice, Pox o' this noise, it has disturb'd me from such a Dreame of Eating!

EXEUNT OMNES.

ACT. III.

Act. III.

Constance, Isabelle.

Const. 'Twas ill luck to have the meeting broke last night, just as *Setstone* was coming towards him.

Isa. But in part of recompence you'll have the pleasure of putting him on farther streights, O, these little mischiefs are meat and drink to me.

Const. He shall tell me from whence he has his Money: I am resolv'd now to try him to the utmost.

Isa. I would devise something for him to do, which he could not possibly perform.

Const. As I live yonder he comes with the Jewel in his hand he promis'd me; prithee leave me alone with him.

Isa. Speed the Plough; if I can make no sport I'll hinder none: I'll to my Knight, Sir *Timiraus*; shortly you shall hear newes from *Damatas*. *Exit* Isabelle.

Enter Loveby.

Lov. Look you Madam, here's the Jewel; do me the favor to accept it, and suppose a very good Complement deliver'd with it.

Const. Believe me a very fair Jewel: but, Why will you be at this needless charge? What acknowledgment do you expect? you know I will not Marry you.

Lov. How the Devil do I know that; I do not conceive my self under correction, so inconsiderable a person.

Const. You'll alter your partial opinion, when I tell you 'tis not a flash of wit fires me; nor is it a gay out-side can seduce me to Matrimony.

Lov. I am neither Fool, nor deform'd so much as to be despicable. What do I want?

Const. A good Estate, that makes every thing handsome; nothing can look well without it.

Lov. Does this Jewel express poverty?

Const. I conjure you by your love to me, tell me one truth not minc'd by your invention: How came you by this Jewel.

Lov. 'Tis well I have a Voucher; pray ask your own Jeweller *Setstone*, if I did not buy it of him.

Const. How glad you are now, you can tell a truth so near a lie: but, Where had you the Money that purchas'd it? come, — without circumstances and preambles ——

Lov. Umh, —— perhaps that may be a secret.

Const. Say it be one; yet he that lov'd indeed, could not keep it from his Mistris.

Lov. Why should you be thus importunate?

Const. Because I cannot think you love me, if you will not trust that to my knowledge, which you conceal from all the World beside.

Lov. You urge me deeply——

Const. Come, sweet Servant, you shall tell me; I am resolv'd to take no denial: Why do you sigh?

Lov. If I be blasted it must out.

Const. Either tell me, or resolve to take your leave for ever.

Lov. Then know I have my means; I know not how.

Const. This is a fine secret.

Lov. Why then if you will needs know; 'tis from the Devil; I have Money from him, what, and when I please.

Const. Have you seal'd a Covenant, and given away your Soul for Money?

Lov. No such thing intended on my part.

Const. How then?

Lov. I know not yet what conditions he'll propose: I should have spoke with him last night, but that a cross chance hinder'd it.

Const. Well, my opinion is, some great Lady that is in love with you, supplies you still; and you tell me an incredible Tale of the Devil, meerly to shadow your infidelity.

Lov. Devise some meanes to try me.

Const. I take you at your word; you shall swear freely to bestow

on

on me, what ever you ſhall gain this unknown-way; and for a proofe, becauſe you tell me you can have Money, what and when you pleaſe; bring me an hundred pounds e'r night: [If I do marry him for a Wit] I'll ſee what he can do; he ſhall have none from me. (*aſide.*

Lov. You overjoy me, Madam; you ſhall have it, and 'twere twice as much.

Conſt. How's this!

Lov. The Devil a croſs that I have; or know where to get; but I muſt promiſe well to ſave my credit: now Devil, if thou do'ſt forſake me! (*aſide.*

Conſt. I miſtruſt you; and therefore if you faile, I'll have your hand to ſhow againſt you; here's inke and paper

Loveby *Writes,*

Enter Burr *and* Timorous.

Bur. What makes *Loveby* yonder? he's Writing ſomewhat.

Tim. I'll go ſee. —— (*Lookes over him.*)

Lov. Have you no more manners then to overlook a man when he's a Writing? ——Oh, Is't you Sir *Timorous*? you may ſtand ſtill; now I think on't you can not read Written hand.

Bur. You are very familiar with Sir *Timorous.*

Lov. So I am with his Companions Sir.

Bur. Then there's hopes you and I may be better acquainted: I am one of his Companions.

Lov. By what title, as you are an Aſs Sir.

Conſt. No more *Loveby.*——

Lov. I need not Madam; alaſs this fellow is onely the Sollicitor of a quarrel, till he has brought it to an head; and I will leave the fighting part to the Curteous pledger. Do not I know theſe fellows? you ſhall as ſoon perſwade a Maſtiff to faſten on a Lyon, as one of theſe to ingage with a courage above their own: they know well enough who they can beat, and who can beat them.

Enter

Enter Failer *at a distance.*

Fail Yonder they are; now would I compound for a reasonable summ, that *I* were Friends with *Burr*: if I am not, I shall lose Sir *Timerous*.

Const. O, Servant, have I spyed you! let me run into your Armes.

Fail. I renounce my Lady *Constance*: I vow to gad I renounce her.

Tim. To your Task, *Burr.*

Enter Nonsuch *and* Isabelle.

Const. Ho'd, Gentlemen; no sign of quarrel!

Non. O Friends! I think I shall goe mad with grief: I have lost more Money.

Lov. Would I had it: that's all the harm I wish my self: your Servant, Madam; I go about the business. —— *Exit* Loveby.

Non. What! Does he take no pity on me?

Const. Prithee moane him *Isabelle.*

Isa. Alass, alass poor Nuncle! could they find in their hearts to rob him!

Non. Five hundred pounds out of poor six thousand pounds a year! I and mine are undone for ever.

Fail. Your own House you think is clear, my Lord?

Const. I dare answer for all there, as much as for my self.

Burr. Oh that he would but think that *Loveby* had it!

Fail. If you'll be friends with me, I'll try what I can perswade him to.

Burr. Here's my hand, I will dear heart.

Fail. Your own House being clear, my Lord; I am apt to suspect this *Loveby* for such a person: Did you mark how abruptly he went out?

Non. He did indeed, Mr. *Failer*: but, why should I suspect him? his carriage is fair, and his means great: he could never live after this rate if it were not.

Fail. This

Fail. This ſtill renders him the more ſuſpicious: he has no land to my knowledge.

Bur. Well ſaid miſchief ——— (*aſide.*

Conſt. My Father's credulous, and this Rogue has found the blind-ſide of him; would *Loveby* heard him! ——— (*to* Iſab.

Fail. He has no Means, and he looſes at Play: ſo that for my part, I proteſt to gad, I am reſolved, he picks Locks for his Living.

Bur. Nay, to my Knowledge, he picks Locks.

Tim. And to mine.

Fail. No longer ago than laſt night he met me in the dark, and offer'd to dive into my Pockets.

Non. That's a main argument for ſuſpition.

Fail. I remember once when the Keyes of the *Exchequer* were loſt in the Rump-time, he was ſent for upon an extremity, and I gad he opens me all the Locks with the Blade-bone of a Breaſt of Mutton.

Non. Who, this *Loveby*;

Fail. This very *Loveby*: Another time, when we had ſate up very late at *Ombre* in the Country, and were hungry towards morning, he plucks me out, I vow to gad I tell you no lie, four ten-penny-Nailes from the Dairy-Lock with his teeth, fetches me out a Meſs of Milk; and knocks me u'm in again with his Head, upon Reputation.

Iſa. Thou Boy!

Non. What ſhall I do in this caſe? my comfort is, my Gold's all mark'd.

Conſt. Will you ſuſpect a Gentleman of *Loveby*'s worth, upon the bare report of ſuch a Raſcal as this *Failer*?

Non. Hold thy tongue, I charge thee; upon my bleſſing hold thy tongue, I'll have him apprehended before he ſleeps; come along with me, Mr. *Failer.*

Fail. Bur. Look well to Sir *Timorous*; I'll be with you inſtantly.

Conſt. I'll watch you, by your favor. (*aſide.*)

Exeunt Nonſuch, Failer, Conſtance *following them.*

Iſa. A word, Sir *Timorous.*

Bur. She ſhall have a courſe at the Knight, and come up. [*Gets behind.*

up to him, but when she is just ready to pinch he shall give such a loose from her, shall break her heart.

Isa. Burr there still, and watching us? there's certainly some Plot in this, but I'll turn it to my own advantage. *Aside.*

Tim. Did you mark *Burrs* retirement, Madam?

Isa. I; his guilt it seems makes him shun your company.

Tim. In what can he be guilty?

Isa. You must needs know it; he Courts your Mistriss.

Tim. Is he too, in love with my Lady *Constance*?

Isa. No, no; but which is worse, he Courts me.

Tim. Why, what have I to do with you? you know I care not this for you.

Isa. Perhaps so; but he thought you did: and good reason he had for it.

Tim. What reason, Madam?

Isa. The most convincing in the World: he knew my Cousin *Constance* never lov'd you: he has heard her say, you were as invincibly ignorant as a Town-fop judging a new Play: as shame-fac'd as a great over-grown School-boy: in fine, good for nothing but to be worm'd out of your estate, and Sacrificed to the god of Laughter.

Tim. Was your Cousin so barbarous to say this?

Isab. In his hearing.

Tim. And would he let me proceed in my suit to her?

Isa. For that I must excuse him; he never thought you could love one of my Cousin's humor: but took your Court to her, only as a blind to your affection for me: and being possessed with that opinion, he thought himself as worthy as you to marry me.

Tim. He is not half so worthy; and so I'll tell him, in a fair way.

Burr to a *Boy* entring. } Sirrah Boy, deliver this Note to Madam *Isabelle*; but be not known I am so near.

Boy. I warrant you, Sir.

Bur. Now fortune all I desire of thee, is, that Sir *Timorous* may see it; if he once be brought to believe there is a kindness between her and me, it will ruine all her Projects.

Isa. To the *Boy.* From whom!

Boy. From Mr. *Burr*, Madam.

Isabelle,

Isabelle reads. These for Madam *Isabelle.*

Dear Rogue.

Sir Timerous *knows nothing of our kindness, nor shall for me; seem still to have designs upon him; it will hide thy affection the better to thy Servant* Burr.

Isa. Alas poor Woodcock, dost thou go a birding: thou hast e'n set a Springe to catch thy own neck: look you here Sir *Timerous*; here's something to confirm what I have told you.

Gives him the Letter.

Tim. D, e, a, re, dear, r, o, g, u, e, ro-gue. Pray Madam read it: this written hand is such a damned pedantique thing I could never away with it.

Isa. He would fain have robbed you of me: Lord, Lord! to see the malice of a man.

Tim. She has perswaded me so damnably, that I begin to think she's my Mistress indeed.

Isab. Your Mistress? why I hope you are not to doubt that at this time of day. I was your Mistress from the first day you ever saw me.

Tim. Nay, like enough you were so; but I vow to gad now, I was wholly ignorant of my own affection.

Isa. And this Rogue pretends he has an interest in me meerly to defeat you: look you, look you where he stands in ambush, like a Jesuite behind a Quaker, to see how his design will take.

Tim. I see the Rogue: now could I find in my heart to marry you in spight to him; what think you on't in a fair way?

Isab. I have brought him about as I would wish; and now I'll make my own conditions (*aside*) Sir *Timerous*, I wish you well; but he I marry must promise me to live at *London*: I cannot abide to be in the Country, like a wilde beast in the wilderness, with no Christian Soul about me.

Tim. Why I'll bear you company.

Isa. I cannot endure your early hunting matches there; to have my sleep disturbed by break of day, with heigh *Fowler Fowler*, there *Venus*, ah *Beauty*! and then a serenade of deep mouth'd curres, to answer the salutation of the Huntsman, as if hell were broke loose about me: and all this to meet a pack of Gentlemen Salvages to ride all day like mad men, for the immortal fame of being first in at the Hares death: to come upon the spur after a trayl at four in the

afternoon to destruction of cold meat and cheese, with your leud company in boots; fall a drinking till Supper time, be carried to bed, rop'd out of your Seller, and be good for nothing all the night after.

Tim. Well, Madam, what is it you would be at? you shall find me reasonable to all your propositions.

Isa. I have but one condition more to add; for I will be as reasonable as you, and that is a very poor request, to have all the money in my disposing.

Tim. How, all the Money?

Isa. I, for I am sure I can huswife it better for your honour; not but that I shall be willing to encourage you with pocket money, or so sometimes.

Tim. This is somewhat hard.

Isa. Nay, if a woman cannot do that, I shall think you have an ill opinion of my vertue: not trust your own flesh and blood, Sir *Timerous*.

Tim. Well, is there any thing more behind?

Isa. Nothing more only the choice of my own company, my own hours, and my own actions: these trifles granted me, in all things of moment, I am your most obedient Wife and Servant *Isabelle*.

Tim. Is't a match then?

Isa. For once I am content it shall; but 'tis to redeem you from those Kascals *Burr.* and *Failer*. —— that way Sir *Timerous*, for fear of Spies; I'll meet you at the Garden dore. ——*Exit* Timerous.

Sola. I have led all women the way, if they dare but follow me; and now march off, if I can scape but spying, with my Drums beating, and my Colours flying. *Exit Isa.*

Burr. So their wooing's at an end; thanks to my wit.

Enter Failer.

Fail. Oh *Burr!* whither it is Sir *Timerous* and Madam *Isabelle* are gone together?

Bur. Adore my wit, boy; they are parted never to meet again.

Fail. I saw u'm meet just now at the Garden dore: so ho, ho, ho, who's within there: help here quickly, quickly.

Enter.

Enter Nonſuch *and two Servants.*

Nonſ. What's the matter?

Fail. Your Niece *Iſabelle* has ſtollen away Sir *Timerous*.

Nonſ. Which way took they?

Fail. Follow me, I'll ſhew you.

Nonſ. Break your necks after him, you idle Varlets.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Loveby: Loveby's *Collar unbutton'd, Band careleſly on, Hat on the Table, as new riſing from ſleep.*

Lov. Boy! how long have I ſlept boy?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Two hours and a half Sir.

Lov. What's a clock Sirrah?

Boy. Near four Sir.

Lov. Why there's it: I have promiſed my Lady *Conſtance* an hundred pounds e'r night; I had four hours to perform it in when I engaged to do it; and I have ſlept out more than two of them: all my hope to get this money lies within the compaſs of that hat there. —— before I lay down I made bold a little to prick my finger, and write a note in the blood of it, to this ſame friend of mine in t'other world, that uſes to ſupply me, the Devil has now had above two hours to perform it in; all which time I have ſlept to give him the better opportunity: time enough for a Gentleman of his agility to fetch it from the *Eaſt-Indies*, out of one of his Temples where they worſhip him; or if he were lazy, and not minded to go ſo far; 'twere but ſtepping over ſea, and borrowing ſo much money, out of his own Banck at *Amſterdam*! hang't, what's an hundred pounds between him and me.——Now does my heart go pit a pat, for fear I ſhould not find the money there: I would fain lift it up to ſee, and yet I am ſo fraid of miſſing: yet a plague, why ſhould I fear h'll fail me; the name of friend's a ſacred thing; ſure he'll conſider that: ——methinks this Hat looks as if it ſhould have ſomething under it: if one could ſee the yellow boyes peeping underneath the brims now: ha! (*looks under round about*) in my conſcience I think *I* do: ſtand out

oth'way sirrah, and be ready to gather up the pieces that will flush out of the hat as I take it up.

Boy. What is my Master mad trow.

Loveby Snatches up the hat, looks in it hastily, and sees nothing but the paper.

Now the Devil take the Devil: ah plague! was ever man serv'd so as I am: (*throws his hat upon the ground*) to break the bonds of Amity for 100 pieces: well, it shall be more out of thy way than thou imagin'st, Devil: I'll turn Parson, and be at open defiance with thee; I'll lay the wickedness of all people upon thee though thou art never so innocent; I'll convert thy Bawds and Whores; I'll Hector thy Gamesters, that they shall not dare to swear, curse or bubble; nay, I'll set thee out so, that thy very Usurers and Aldermen shall fear to have to do with thee.

[*a noise within of* Isabelle *and* Frances.

Enter Frances, *thrusting back* Isabelle *and* Timerous.

Fran. How now what's the matter?

Isa. Nay, sweet Mistress, be not so hard-hearted; all I desire of you is but harbour for a minute: you cannot in humanity deny that small succour to a Gentlewoman.

Fran. A Gentlewoman! I thought so, my house affords no harbour for Gentlewomen: you are a company of proud Hallottries; I'll teach you to take place of Tradesmens Wives with a wannion to you.

Lov. How's this Madam *Isabelle*.

Isa. Mr. *Loveby*! how happy am I to meet with you in my distress!

Lov. What's the matter Madam?

Isa I'll tell you, if this Gentlewoman will give me leave.

Franc. No Gentlewoman, I will not give you leave; they are such as we maintain your pride, as they say. Our { Isabelle / Loveby } *whispers.* Husbands trust you, and you must go before their Wives, I am sure my Goodman never goes to any of your Lodgings but he comes home the worse for it, as they say.

Lov. Is that all! prithee good Landlady, for my sake entertain my friends.

Franc.

Franc. If the Gentlemans Worſhip had come alone, it may be I might have entertained him; but for your Minion!

Enter Nonſuch, Failer, Burr, *and Officers: cry within, here, here.*

Fail. My Lord, arreſt Sir *Timerous* upon a promiſe of marriage to you Daughter, and we'l witneſs it.

Timor. Why, what a ſtrange thing of you's this Madam *Iſabelle*, to bring a man into trouble thus!

Fail. You are not yet married to her;

Tim. Not that I remember.

Iſabelle. Well *Failer*, I ſhall find a time to reward your diligence.

Lov. If the Knight would have own'd his action, I ſhould have taught ſome of you more manners, then to come with Officers into my Lodging.

Franc. I'm glad with all my heart this Minx is prevented of her deſign: the Gentleman had got a great catch of her as they ſay. His old Father in the Country would have given him but little thank for't, to ſee him bring down a fine bred Woman, with a Lute, and a Dreſſing-box, and a handful of money to her portion.

Iſa. Good Miſtreſs Whatdeelack! I know your quarrel to the Ladies, do they take up the Gallants from the Tradeſmens wives? Lord, what a grievous thing it is for a ſhe-Citizen to be forced to have Children by her own Husband!

Fran. Come, come, you'r a ſlanderful huswife, and I ſquorn your hallottry trick that I do, ſo I do.

Iſa. Steeple-hat your Husband never gets a good look when he comes home, except he brings a Gentleman to Dinner; who if he caſts an amorous eye towards you; then, truſt him good Husband, ſweet Husband truſt him for my ſake: verily the Gentleman's an honeſt man, I read it in his countenance: and if you ſhould not be at home to receive the Money, I know he will pay the debt to me. Is not ſo Miſtreſs?

Enter Bibber *in Slippers, with a skein of Silk about his neck.*

Franc. Will you ſee me wronged thus, under my own roof, as they ſay, *William*?

Iſa.

Isa. Nay, 'tis very true Mistress: you let the men with old complements take up new cloaths: I do not mean your Wives cloaths Mr. Merchant-Tailor.

Bib. Good faith! a notable smart Gentlewoman!

Isa. Look to your Wife, Sir, or in time she may undo your Trade: for she'll get all your men-Customers to her self.

Bibb. And I should be hang'd, I can forbear no longer,

He plucks out his Measure, and runs to Isabelle. *to take measure of her.*

Isa. How now! what means Prince *Pericles* by this?

Bibber *on his knees.*

I must beg your Ladiship e'n to have the honour to trust you but for your Gown, for the sake of that last jeast. Flowr'd Satten, wrought Tabby, Silver upon any grounds: I shall run mad if I may not trust your Ladiship.

Franc. I think you are mad already, as they say, *William*: you shall not trust her. —— *plucks him back.*

Bib. Let me alone *Frances*; I am a Lyon when I am anger'd.

Isa. Pray do not pull your Lyon by the tail so Mistress. —— *In* these Cloaths that he now takes measure of me for, will *I* marry Sir *Timerous*, mark that, and tremble *Failer.*

Fail. Never threaten me Madam, you're a person a despise.

Isa. *I* vow to gad *I'll* be even with you Sir. *Exit* Isabelle.

Nonsuch *to the Bailiffs.* —— And when you have arrested him, be sure you search him for my gold.

Bailiffs to Loveby. We arrest you Sir at my Lord *Nonsuch* his Suit.

Lov. Me you Rascals!

Nons. Search him for my gold; you know the marks on't.

Lov. If they can find any mark'd or unmark'd gold about me; they'll find more than *I* can. You expect *I* should resist now; no, no, *I'll* hamper you for this. ——

Bail. There's nothing to be found about him.

Fail. 'Tis no matter, to prison with him; there all his debts will come upon him.

Lov. What hurried to durance like a Stinkard!

Bib. Now as *I* live a pleasant Gentleman; *I* could find in my heart to bail him; but *I'll* overcome my self, and steal away. (*is going.*

Bail.

Bail. Come, Sir, we must provide you of another Lodging; but I believe you'l scarce like it.

Lov. If I do not, I ask no favor; pray turne me out of dores.

Bib. Turn him out of door! What a jeast was there? Now and I should be hang'd I cannot forbear Bayling him: stay Officers; I Bayle him Body and Soul for that Jeast.

Fail. Let us be gone in time, *Burr.*

[*Exeunt* Burr, Failer, Timorous.

Franc. You shall not Bayle him.

Bib. I know I am a Rogue to do it; but his Wit has prevailed upon me, and a man must not go against his Conscience. There Officers ——

Lov. to *Non.* Old Man, if it were not for thy Daughter. ——

Non. Well, well; take your course, Sir.

[*Exit* Nonsuch *and* Bailiffs.

Lov. Come *Will.* I'll thank thee at the Tavern. *Frances*, remember this the next time you come up to make my Bed.

Franc. Do your worst, I fear you not, Sir. This is twice to day, *William*; to trust a Gentlewoman, and Bayle a Ragamuffin: I am sure he call'd you Cuckold but yesterday, and said he would make you one.

Lov. Look you *Frances*, I am a man of Honour, and if I said it, I'll not break my word with you.

Bib. There he was with you again, *Frances*: an excellent good jeast Ifaith la.

Fran. I'll not endure it, that I won't, so I won't: I'll go to the Justices Worship and fetch a Warrant for him.

Lov. But Landlady, the word Cuckold will bear no Action in the Law, except you could prove your Husband prejudiced by it. Have any of his Customers forsook him for't? or, any Mercer refused to trust him the less, for my calling him so.

Franc. Nay, I know not for the Mercers; perhaps the Citizens may take it for no slander among one another, as they say; but for the Gentlemen ——

Lov. *Will*, Have they forsaken thee upon it?

Bib. No, I assure you, Sir.

Lov. No, I warrant u'm: a Cuckold has the signification of an honest

honest well-meaning Citizen; one that is not given to jealousies or suspitions; a just person to his Wife, &c. one that to speak the worst of him, does but to her, what he would be content should be done to her by other men.

Franc. But that another man should be the Father of his Children, as they say; I don't think that a civil thing Husband.

Lov. Not civil, Landlady! Why all things are civil that are made so by Custome.

Bib. Why may not he get as fine Children as I, or any man?

Fran. But if those Children, that are none of yours, should call you Father, *William!*

Bib. If they call me Father, and are none of mine; I am the more beholding to a'm.

Fran. Nay, if that be your humour, husband, I am glad *I* know it, that *I* may please you the better another time, as they say. (*Exit* Frances.

Bib. Nay, but *Frances*, *Frances*; 'tis such another woman.

Exit Bibber.

Lov. 'Tis such another Man: ——My Coate and Sword *Boy*, I must go to Justice *Trices*; bring the Women, and come after me.

(*Exit* Loveby.

Act. IV.

Act. IV.

Table set with Cards *upon it.*

Trice *walking*: *Enter* Servant.

Serv. SIr, some Company is without upon Justice-business.

Trice. Sawcy Rascal, to disturb my Meditations. *Exit* Servant. ——I, it shall be he: *Jack Loveby*, what think'st thou of a Game of Picquet, we two, hand to fist! you and I will play one single Game for ten pieces: 'tis deep stake *Jack*, but, 'tis alone between us two: you shall Deale *Jack*: who I, Mr. Justice, that's a good one, you must give me use for your hand then; that's six i'th hundred? Come, lift, lift; mines a ten; Mr. Justice: ——mines a King, oh ho, *Jack*, you Deale. I have the advantage of this Ifaith, if I can keep it.

He Deales 12 a piece, 2 by 2.
And lookes on his own Cards.

I take seven, and look on this. —— Now for you *Jack Loveby*.

Enter Loveby *behind.*

Lov. How's this? am I the man he fights with?

Trice. I'll do you right *Jack*; as I am an honest Man you must discard this, ther's no other way: if you were my own Brother I could do no better for you. ——Zounds, the Rogue has a Quint-Major, and three Aces younger hand.

Looks on t'other Cards.

Stay; what am I for the Point? but bare Forty, and he Fifty one: Fifteen and Five for the Point, 20, and 3 by Aces, 23. well, I am to play first: 1. 23. 2. 23. 3. 23. 4. 23. —— Pox on't, now I must play into his hand: 5 —— now you take it *Jack*, 5. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. and the Cards Forty.

Lov. Hither-

Lov. Hitherto it goes well on my side.——

Trice. Now I Deale: How many do you take *Jack*? All? then I am gone: What a rise is here! 14 by Aces, and a Sixieme Major: I am gone, without looking into my Cards. — I, I thought so: If ever Man Play'd with such curs'd Fortune, I'll be hang'd, and all for want of this damned Ace —— there's your ten pieces, with a Pox to you, for a Rooking beggarly Rascal as you are. *Takes up an Ace and bites it.*

Loveby *Enters.*

Lov. What occasion have I given you for these words, Sir? Rook and Rascal! I am no more Rascal then your self, Sir.

Trice. How's this, how's this!

Lov. And though for this time I put it up, because I am a winner. *Snatches the Gold.*

Trice. What a Devil do'st thou put up? not my Gold I hope *Jack*?

Lov. By your favor but I do; and 'twas won fairly; a Sixieme, and Fourteen by Aces by your own confession. ——What a Pox we don't make Childrens Play I hope.

Trice. Well, remember this, *Jack*; from this hour I forswear playing with you when I am alone; What, Will you bate me nothing on't?

Lov. Not a farthing, *Justice*: I'll be Judged by you, if I had lost you would have taken every piece on't: what I win, I win. —— and there's an end.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, these People stay without, and will not be answer'd.

Trice. Well, What's their business?

Serv. Nay, no great matter: onely a Fellow for getting a Wench with Childe.

Trice. No great matter saist thou; 'Faith but it is: is he a poor fellow, or a Gentleman?

Serv. A very poor fellow, Sir.

C

Trice. Hang

Trice, Hang him, Rogue, make his Mittimus immediately; must such as he presume to get Children?

Lov. Well consider'd: a poor louse Rascal, to intrench upon the Game of Gentlemen! he might have passed his time at Nine-pins, or Shovel-board, that had been fit sport for such as he; Justice, have no Mercy on him.

Trice. No, by the Sword of Justice will I not.

Lov. Swear'st thou, ungracious Boy? that's too much on t'other hand for a Gentleman. I Swear not, I drink not, I curse not, I Cheat not; they are unnecessary Vices: I save so much out of those Sins, and take it out in that one necessary Vice of Wenching.

Enter Loveby's *Boy.*

Boy. Sir the Parties are without according to your order.

Lov. 'Tis well; bring u'm in *Boy.*

Enter Lady Du Lake, *and two or three Whores.*

Justice I recommend this antient Gentlewoman, with these vertuous Ladies, to thy Patronage; for her part, she is a person of exemplary life and behaviour, of singular conduct to break through, and patience to bear the assaults of Fortune: a general Benefactress of Mankind, and in fine, a promoter of that great Work of Nature, Love.

Trice. Or, as the Vulgar Translation hath it, a very sufficient, and singular good-Bawd: Is't not so *Boy?*

Lov. I, Boy: Now for such a petty-fogging Fellow as thy Clerk to persecute this Lady; prithee think on't: 'tis a grievance of the Free-born-Subject.

L. *Dulake.* To see the ingratitude of this Generation! I that have spent my youth, set at nought my Fortune, and what is more dear to me, my honour, in the service of Gentlemen; should now in my old age be left to want and beggary, as if I were the vilest, and most unworthy creature upon Gods Earth. (*crying.*)

Lov. Nay, good Mother, do not take it so bitterly.

L. *Dulake.* I confess the unkindness of it troubles me.

Lov. Thou shalt not want so long as I live: look, here's five

pieces of Cordial Gold to comfort thy heart with, I won it e'n now of Mr. Justice; and I dare say he thinks it well bestow'd.

Trice. My Money's gone to very pious uses.

L. *Dulake.* (Laying her hand on *Lovebyes* head.)

Son *Loveby*, I knew thy Father well; and thy Grandfather before him; Fathers they were both to me; and I could weep for joy to see how thou tak'st after them. (*Weeping again*) I wish it lay in my power too, to gratifie this worthy Justice in my Vocation.

Trice. 'Faith I doubt I am past that noble Sin.

Lov. Prithee good Magistrate drink to her, and wipe sorrow from her eyes.

Trice. Right Reverend, my Service to you in Canary.

(*She Drinks after him*) *and stayes at half-Glass.*

L. *Dulake.* 'Tis a great way to the bottom; but Heaven is alsufficient to give me strength for it: ——— (*Drinks it up.*)

Why Gods blessing on your heart, Son *Trice.* I hope 'tis no offence to call you Son: Hem, hem! Son *Loveby*, I think my Son *Trice* and I are much of the same yeares: let me see Son if Nature be utterly extinct in you: are you tickliſh, Son *Trice?* (*tickles him.*)

Trice. Are you Tickliſh Mother *Dulake.* (*Tickles her sides.*)

She falls off her Chair; he falls off his to her;
they rowle one over the other.

Lov. I would have all *London* now show me such another sight of kindness in Old Age:

(*they help each other up.*)

Come, a Dance, a dance; call for your Clerk, Justice, he shall make one in sign of Amity: (*Strike up Fidlers.*)

(*They Dance a round Dance, and Sing the Tune.*)

Enter Isabelle *and* Constance.

Isa. Are you at that Sport, I'faith? have among you blind Harpers:

She fals into the Dance.

At the Dances ending Loveby *sees* Constance.

Trice. Is she come! a Pox of all honest Women at such a time!

Lov. If she knows who these are, by this Light I am undone.

Const. Oh

Const. Oh Servant, I come to minde you of your promiſe; come, produce my hundred pounds; the times out I ſet you.

Lov. Not till dark night upon my Reputation: I have not yet ſpoke with the Gentleman in the black Pantalloons; you know he ſeldome walkes abroad by day-light: Dear Madam, let me wait on you to your Coach, and if I bring it not within this hour, diſcard me utterly.

Const. You muſt give me leave to ſalute the Company: What are they?

Lov. Perſons of Quality of my acquaintance; but, I'll make your excuſe to u'm.

Const. Nay, if they are Perſons of Quality, I ſhall be rude to part from u'm ſo abruptly.

Lov. Why ſo! the Devil ow'd me a ſhame; and now he has paid me. I muſt preſent u'm what e'r come on't. (*aſide.* ——This Madam is my Lady *Du Lake* ——the Lady *Spring well*, ——The Lady *Hoyden* (*She and* Iſabelle *Salute u'm.*)

Iſa. What a Whiff was there came from my Lady *Heyden*! and, What a Garlick breath my Lady *Spring-well* had!

Trice. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Do not betray me, Juſtice, if you do. ——

Iſa. Oh, Are you thereabouts, Sir; then I ſmell a Rat Iſaith; but I'll ſay nothing.

Conſt. Ladies, I am an humble Servant to you all, and account it my happineſs to have met with ſo good Company, at my Couſin *Trices.*

Trice. Ha, ha, ha.

L. *Du Lake.* Are theſe two Ladies of your acquaintance Son *Loveby*?

Lov. Son quoth a! a Pox of our Relation. — (*aſide.*

L. *Du Lake.* I ſhall be glad to be better known to your *Ladiſhips.*

Conſt. You too much honour Servants, Madam.

Iſa. How *Loveby* fidges up and down: in what pain he is! well, if theſe be not they they call Whores, I'll be hanged, though I never ſaw one before: ——(*aſide.*

Lov. Will your *Ladiſhip* pleaſe to go, Madam?

Conſt. I

Const. I must beg the favor of these Ladies first, that I may know their Lodgings, and waite of u'm.

L. Du Luke. It will be our Duty to pay our respects first to your Ladiship

Con. I beg your Ladiships pardon, Madam ——

L. Du L. Your Ladiship shall excuse us, Madam ——

Isa. Trice. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Ah Devil grin you —— *aside.*

Trice. I must go out, and laugh my belly full. [*Exit* Trice.

Con. But in earnest Madam, I must have no denyal; I beseech your Ladiship instruct me where I may tender my devoyres?

La. D. Since your Ladiship commands me, Madam, I dare disobey no longer. My Lodgings are in St. *Lucknors* Lane, at the Cat and Fiddle.

Con. Whereabouts is that Lane, Servant?

Lov. Faith Madam, I know not that part oth' Town.—Lord, how I sweat for fear —— *aside.*

Con. And yours Madam, where, I beseech your Ladiship.

2d. Wh. In *Dog and Bitch Yard*, and't please your Ladiship.

3d. Wh. And mine in *Sodom*, so like your Ladiship.

Con. How *Loveby!* I did not think you would have us'd me thus?

Lov. I beseech your Ladiship but hear my Justification as I lead you.

Con. By no means, Sir; that were such a rudeness to leave persons of quality, to wait upon me: unhand me Sir.

Isa. Ha, ha, ha. —— *Exeunt* Constance, Isabelle.

Lov. I am ruin'd! for ever ruin'd, plague had you no places in the Town to name but *Sodom*, and *Lucknors Lane* for Lodgings!

L. Du L. If any prejudice arise from it, upon my honour Son 'twas by mistake, and not intended you: I thought she desir'd to have been admitted of the quality.

Lov. I was curst when I had first to do with you —— *kicks him*

L. D. L. Well, I thank Heaven, that has indued me with such patience. *Exeunt all but* Loveby *and his Boy.*

Lov. I have made a fair hand on't to day——both lost my Mistress, and hear no news from my friend below: the World frowns upon me, and the Devil and my Mistress have forsaken me: my God-

fathers

fathers and Godmothers have promiſed well for me: inſtead of renouncing them, they have renounc'd me.

Boy. Sir, I ſaw my Lady *Conſtance* ſmile as ſhe went out: I am confident ſhe's angry but from the teeth outwards; you might eaſily make fair weather with her, if you could get the money you promis'd her, but there's the devil——

Lov. Where is he boy? ſhew me him quickly.

Boy. Marry God bleſs us! I mean Sir, there's the difficulty.

Lov. Damnd rogue to put me in hope ſo.——

Enter Bibber *at the other end.*

Lov. Uds ſo, look where *Bibber* is: now I think ont, he offerd me a bag of forty pounds, and the Leaſe of his houſe yeſterday: but that's his pocky humour, when I have money and do not ask him, he will offer it; but when I ask him he will not lend a farthing—— turn this way Sirrah, and make as though we did not ſee him.——

Bib. Our Gentleman I think a talking with his boy there.——

Lov. You underſtand me——

Boy. I warrant you Sir.

Lov. No News yet; what an unlucky raſcal 'tis! if the rogue ſhould hereafter be reduced to the raiment of his own Shreds, I ſhould not pity him——

Bib. How's this!

Lov. Now is this raſcal hunting after jeaſts, to make himſelf the greateſt to all that know him.

Bib. This muſt be me.

Boy. I can hear neither tale nor tydings of him: I have ſearched him in all his haunts; amongſt his Creditors; and in all Companies where they are like to break the leaſt jeaſt. I have viſited the Coffee-houſes for him; but among all the news there, I heard none of him.

(Bib. *Good i faith.*

Lov. Where's the warrant, I'll put in my own name, ſince I cannot find him.

Boy. Sir, I gave it a Scrivener at next dore becauſe I could not write, to fill up the blank place with Mr. *Bibbers* name.

Lov. What an unlucky vermin 'tis; now for an 100 *l.* cou'd I have gratified him with a waiters Place at Cuſtom-houſe, that had been worth to him an 100 *l.* a year upon the nail.

Bib. Could

Bib. Could you ſo, could you ſo Sir? give me your hand, and I thank you heartily Mr. *Loveby.*

Lov. Art then honeſt *Will?* faith 'tis not worth thy thanks till it be done: I wiſh I had the money for thee.

Bib. How much is't Sir?

Lov. An hundred pounds would do it.

Bib. Let me ſee forty I have already by me; take that in part Sir; ——and that, and the Leaſe of my houſe would over-do it.

Lov. By all means thy Leaſe *Will*: near ſcruple at that; hang a piece of Parchment, and two bits of ſoft wax: thou ſhalt do't, thou ſhalt boy.

Bib. Why then I will, Sir:——but ſtay, ſtay; now I think on't, *Frances* has an 120 pieces of old Grandam and Aunt gold left her, that ſhe would never let me touch: if we would get that Mr. *Loveby*——but ſhe'll never part with't.

Lov. 'Tis but ſaying the place is for her; a Waiting-woman's place in the Cuſtom-houſe: Boy, go and tell her ont immediately.

Exit Boy.

Bib. Hold a little; ſhe has been very deſirous to get a place in Court, that ſhe might take place as the Queens Servant.

Lov. She ſhall have a Dreſſers place, if thou'lt keep counſel. The worſt on't is, I have never a Warrant ready.

Bib. 'Tis all one for that Sir; ſhe can neither write nor read; 'tis but my telling her 'tis a Warrant and all's well. I can but laugh to think how ſhe'll be chous'd.

Lov. And you too: *Mum.* She's here *Will.*

Enter Frances.

Franc. A Waiting-womans place in the Cuſtom-houſe! there's news for me! thank you kind Mr. *Loveby*; you have been inſtrumental I hear of my preferment.

Lov. No, 'tis a Dreſſers place at Court, Landlady.

Franc. O gemini! that's better news.

Bib. I, but you muſt make haſt and fetch an hundred pieces: I can aſſure you 500 are bidden for it: and the Courtiers are ſuch ſlippery youths, they are ever for the faireſt Chapman.

Franc. I'll fetch it preſently; oh how my heart quops now, as they ſay: I'll fetch it preſently: ſweet Mr. *Loveby*, if the buſineſs

can

can be done, it shall be a good thing in your Worships way I promise you: O the father! that it could be done: O sweet father!

Loveby *plucks out a Paper.*

Lov. Here Mr. *Bibber*, pray put in Madam *Bibbers* name into the Warrant.

Bib. Madam *Bibber*, there's joy, I must call you Wife no more, 'tis Madam *Bibber* now.

Franc. Pray read it Mr. *Bibber*.

Bib. An Order for the admission of the Illustrious Lady Madam *Bibber* into her Majesties service.

Franc. Pray give me the Paper, I'll have no body touch it but my self; I am sure my Money pays for it as they say. These are the finest words; Madam *Bibber*; pray Chicken shew me where Madam is written that I may kiss it all over. I shall make bold now to bear up to these flirting Gentlewomen, that sweep it up and down with their long tails. I thought my self as good as they when I was, as I was, but now I am, as I am.

Lov. Good Landlady dispatch, and bring the Money.——

Franc. Truely in the place of a Dresser, I dare be bold to say, as they say; I shall give their Majesties Worships good content: I'll go fetch it.—— (*Exit* Frances.

Bib. We must keep the poor Soul in ignorance as long as we can, Sir; for, when she has one smoak'd it, I have no other way but to retreat into the body of my *Janizaries* my Journey-men; and never come out into her presence more: Where will you be at nine a Clock, Sir, that we may rejoyce over our good Fortune.

Lov. Call me at my Lord *Nonsuch* his House, and I'll go with you.

Bib. We'll have the Fiddles and triumph Ifaith. (*Exit* Bib.

Lov. Lord, how eager this Vermin was to cheat himself: well, I'll after, I long to finger these Jacobus's: perhaps they may make my peace again with my Mistress. (*Exit* Loveby.

Enter Failer, Nonsuch.
Constance *and* Isabelle *listning.*

Fail. I Vow to Gad my Lord, Sir *Timerous* is the most dejected person in the World, and so full of regret for what is past. 'Twas

his misfortune to be drawn in by such a Person as Madam *Isabelle*.

Non. 'Tis well his Estate pleads for him; he should ne'r set foot more within my doores else.

Fail. All be security for him for time to come: leave it to me to get the Licence: all I desire is, your Daughter may be ready to morrow morning.

Non. Well, let me alone with her. [*Exeunt* Failer, Nonsuch.

Isa. You heard the dreadful sound to morrow Cousin.

Const. I would not throw my self away upon this Foole, if I could help it.

Isa. Better marry a Tertian Ague then a Foole, that's certain; there's one good day and night in that.

Const. And yet thou art mad of him thy self.

Isa. Nay, the Foole is a handsome Foole, that's somewhat; but 'tis not that; 'tis a kind of fancy I have taken to a Glass Coach, and six *Flanders* Mares; rich Liveries, and a good Fortune.

Const. Prithee do not mind me of u'm; for though I want u'm not, yet I find all Women are caught with Gayeties: one grain more would turne the ballance on his side; I am so vexed at the wilde courses of this *Loveby*.

Isa. Vex'd? Why vex'd? the worst you can say of him, is, he loves Women: and such make the kindest Husbands I am told. If you had a Summ of Money to put out; you would not look so much whether the Man were an honest Man, (for the Law would make him that) as if he were a good sufficient Pay-master.

Enter Setstone.

Const. As I live thou art a mad Girle.

Set. She must be us'd as Mad-folkes are then; had into the dark and cur'd,

Const. But, all this is no comfort to the word Tomorrow.

Isa. Well, what say you, if I put you to night into the Armes of *Loveby*?

Const. My condition's desperate, and past thy Physick.

Isa. When Physicks past, what remains but to send for the Divine? here's little *Nicodemus* your Fathers Chaplain, I have spoke with

with him already; for a brace of Angels he shall make all sure betwixt you without a Licence. I, and prove ten at night a more Canonical hour than ten ith' Morning.

Const. I see not which way thou canst perform it; but if thou do'st; I have many Admirations in store for thee. (*Whispers.*

Isa. Step in, and get a Cushion underneath your apron.

Const. O, I must be with Childe it seems!

Isa. And *Loveby* shall bring you to Bed to night, if the Devil be not in the Dice: away, make hast; ——— (*Exit* Constance.

Setstone Be not you far off; I shall have need of you too: I hear my Uncle coming; ———

Me thinks I long to be revenged of this wicked Elder for hindering of my Marriage to day: Hark you *Setstone.* ———

Set. 'Tis impossible, Madam: 'twill never take.

Isa. I warrant you, Do not *I* know him? he has not Braines enough, if they were buttre'd to feed a black-bird ——— Nay, no replyes ——— out of what *I* have said, you may instruct my Cousin too. (*Exit* Setstone.

Enter Nonsuch.

Isa. Oh, Are you there, Sir? Faith it was kindly done of you to hinder me of a good Husband this afternoon: and but for one thing, *I* would resolve to leave your house.

Non. *I*'m glad there's any thing will stay thee.

Isa. If *I* stay; 'tis for love of my Cousin *Constance*, not of you: *I* should be loath to leave her in this sad condition!

Non. What condition?

Isa. Nay, *I* know not; she has not worn her Busk this fortnight, *I* think she's grown fat o'th' sudden.

Non. O Devil, Devil! what a fright am *I* in?

Isa. She has qualmes to every morning: ravins mightily for green-fruit; and swoones at the sight of hot meat.

Non. She's with Child: *I* am undone! *I* am undone!

Isa. *I* understand nothing of such matters: She's but in the next roome; best call her, and examine her about it.

Non. Why *Constance, Constance*?

Enter Constance, *as with Child.*

Isa. Now for a broad-side; turn your prow to him Cousin. (*to her.*

Non. Now Gentlewoman! is this possible?

Const. I do not reach your meaning, Sir.

Non. where have you been of late?

Const. I seldome stir without you, Sir: these Walls most commonly confine me.

Non. These Walls can get no Children; nor these Hangings; though there be Men wrought in u'm.

Isa. Yet, by your favour Nuncle, Children may be wrought behind the Hangings.

Non. O *Constance*, *Constance*! How have my gray hairs deserv'd this of thee? Who got that Belly there?

Con. You, I hope, Sir.

Non. Tell me the truth; for I will know it; come, the Story.

Const. The Story's quickly told, Sir, I'm with Child.

Non. And whose the Father?

Const. I do not know, Sir.

Non. Not know! went there so many to't?

Const. So far from that, that there were none at all, to my best knowledge, Sir.

Non. Wast got by Miracle? who was the Father?

Const. Who got your Money, Sir, that you have lost?

Non. Nay, Heaven knows who got that.

Const. And, Heaven knows who got this: for, on my Conscience, he that had your Money, was the Father on't.

Non. The Devil it was as soon.

Const. That's all I fear, Sir.

Isa. 'Tis strange: and yet 'twere hard, Sir, to suspect my Cousin's Vertue, since we know the house is haunted.

Non. 'Tis true, that nothing can be laid, though under lock and key, but it miscarries.

Isa. 'Tis not to be believed what these villanous Spirits can do: they go invisible.

H

Const. First

Const. First they stole away my Prayer-Book; and a little after that a small Treatise I had against Temptation; and when they were gone, you know Sir ——

Isa. If there be such doings, pray Heaven we are not all with Childe: 'tis certain that none that live within these Walls, but they have power of; I have fear'd *Toby* the Coachman any time this fortnight.

Non. Out impudence! a man with Childe! why 'tis unnatural.

Isa. I, so is he that got it,

Non. Thou art not in earnest.

Isa. I would I were not; hark, I hear him groan hither: come in poor *Toby*.

Enter Toby *Coachman, with an Urinal.*

Non. How now! what have you there, Sirrah?

Tob. And't please your worship 'tis my Water; I had a spice oth' new Disease here ith' house, and so carried it to Master Doctor.

Non. Well; and what did he say to you?

Tob. He told me very sad newes, and please you: I am somewhat bashful to speak on't.

Isa. Out with it Man.

Tob. why truly he told me the party that ow'd the Water was with Child.

Isa. I told you so; Uncle.

Non. To my best remembrance I never heard of such a thing before.

Tob. I never stretch out my self to snap my Whip, but it goes to th' heart of me.

Isa. Alass poor *Toby*.

Non. Be gone, and put off your Livery Sirrah: you shall not stay a minute in my Service.

Tob. I beseech your good Worship be good to me; 'twas the first fault I ever committed in this kind: I have three poor Children by my Wife, and if you leave me to the wide World, with a new charge upon my self.

Non. Be gone, I will not hear a word.

Tob. If

Tob. If I must go, I'll not go alone: *Ambroſe Tinis* the Cook is as bad as I am.

Non. I think you'l make me mad: Call the Raſcal hither I muſt account with him upon another ſcore now I think on't.

Enter Ambroſe Tinis.

Non. Sirrah, what made you ſend a Pheaſant with one wing to the Table yeſterday?

Amb. I beſeech your Worſhip to pardon me, I long'd for't.

Iſab. I fear'd as much.

Amb. And I beſeech your Worſhip let me have a boy to help me in the Kitchin; for I find my ſelf unable to go through with the work: beſides the Doctor has warn'd me of ſtooping to the fire, for fear of a miſchance.

Non. Why, are you with child Sirrah!

Amb. So he tels me: but if I were put to my oath, I know not that ever I deſerv'd for't:

Non. Still worſe and worſe: and here comes *Setſtone* groaning.

Enter Setſtone.

Setſt. O Sir I have been ſo troubled with ſwooning fits; and have ſo long'd for cherries.

Non. He's poopt to.

Iſa. Well, this is not the worſt yet: I ſuſpect ſomething more; than I will ſpeak on.

Non. What doſt thou ſuſpect; ha!

Iſa. Is not your Lordſhip with child too?

Non. Who, *I* with Child! Marry Heaven forbid: what doſt thou ſee by me to ground it on?

Iſa. You'r very round of late; that's all Sir.

Non. Round, that's only fat I hope: I have had a very good ſtomach of late I'm ſure.

Iſab. Alaſs, and well you may: you eat for two Sir.

Non. *Setſtone* look upon me, and tell me true: do you obſerve any alteration In me?

Set. I would not diſhearten your Ladiſhip: ——your Lordſhip I would

would say: but I have observ'd of late, your colour goes and comes extremely: methinks your Lordship looks very sharp, and bleak ith' face, and mighty puff ith' body.

Non. O the Devil! wretched men that we are all: nothing grieves me, but that in my old age, when others are past child-bearing, I should come to be a disgrace to my family.

Con. How do you Sir? your eyes look wondrous dim: is not there a mist before u'm?

Isa. Do you not feel a kicking in your belly? when do you look Nuncle?

Non. Uh, uh! me-thinks I am very sick o'th sudden.

Isa. What store of old shirts have you against the good time? shall I give you a shift Nuncle?

Non. Here's like to be a fine charge towards: we shall all be brought to bed together: well, if I be with Devil I will have such Gossips: an Usurer and a Scrivener shall be Godfathers.

Isa. I'll help you Nuncle, and *Saundyes* two Grannies shall be Godmothers: the Child shall be Christened by the Directory, and the Gosips Gift shall be the gude Scotch Kivenant.

Const. Set. Non. Toby. Ambr. Uh, uh, uh!

Isa. What rare musicks here!

Non. When e'r it comes from me 'twill kill me, that's certain.

Set. Best take a vomit.

Isa. And't comes upward the horns will choack him.

Non. Mass and so they will.

Isa. Your only way is to make sure oth' Man-midwife.

Non. But my Childs dishonour troubles me the most: if I could but see her well married, before I underwent the labour and peril of Child-bearing! what would you advice Niece!

Isa. That which I am very loath to do: send for honest *Jack Loveby*, and let him know the truth ont: he's a fellow without a fortune, and will be glad to leap at the occasion.

Non. But why *Loveby* of all the world? 'tis but staying till to morrow, and then Sir *Timerous* will marry her.

Con. Uh! I swell so fast, I cannot hide it till to morrow.

Isa. Why there's it now!

Non. I'll send for the old Alderman *Getwell* immediately: he'll father the Devils Bastard I warrant you.

Isa.

Isa. Fie Nuncle! my Cousins somewhat too good yet for an Alderman; if it were her third child she might hearken to you.

Non. Well, since it must be so, *Setstone* go you to *Loveby*, make my excuse to him for the arrest, and let him know what fortune may attend him.

Isa. Mr. *Setstone*, pray acquaint him with my Cousins affection to him; and prepare him to father the Cushion underneath her Peticoat. [*aside to* Set.

Set. I'll bring him immediately. *Exit* Setstone.

Isa. When he comes Nuncle, pray cover your great belly with your hat, that he may not see it.

Non. It goes against my heart to marry her to this *Loveby*; but what must be, must be.

Enter Loveby.

Con. O, Mr. *Loveby*! the welcom'st man alive: you met *Setstone* I hope, that you came so opportunely.

Lov. No faith Madam, I came of my own accord.

Isa. 'Tis unlucky he's not prepar'd.

Lov. Look you Madam, I have brought the 100 *l.* the Devil was as punctual as three a clock at a Play-house: here, 'tis right I warrant it without telling: I took it upon his word —— *gives it.*

Con. Your kindness shall be requited Servant: but I sent for you upon another business: Pray Cousin tell't him, for I am ashamed to do't.

Lov. Ha! 'tis not that great belly I hope! is't come to that?

Isa. Hark you Mr. *Loveby*, —— a word with you.

Lov. A word with you Madam: whither is your Cousin bound?

Isa. Bound Sir?

Lov. I bound; look you, she's under sail, with a lusty fore-wind.

Non. I sent for you Sir, but to be plain with you 'twas more out of necessity than Love.

Lov. I wonder my Lord at your invincible ill nature: you forget the arrest that I passed by: but this 'tis to be civil to unthankful persons; 'tis feeding an ill-natur'd dog, that snarles while he takes the victuals from your hand.

Non. All friends, all friends; no ripping up old stories; you shall have my Daughter.

Lov. Faith I see your Lordship would let Lodgings ready furnish'd, but I am for an empty Tenement.

Non. I had almost forgot my own great belly; if he should discover that too! —— [*Claps his hat before it.*

Isa. to *Loveby.* You will not hear me, Sir: 'tis all roguery as I live.

Lov. Flat roguery I'll swear; if I had been father ont; nay, if I had but laid my breeches upon the bed, I would have married her: but I see we are not ordain'd for one another. —— *is going.*

Non. I beseech you Sir. ——

Lov. Pray cover, my Lord.

Isa. He does his great belly, methinks ——

Non. I'll make it up in money to you.

Lov. That cannot tempt me; I have a friend that shall be nameless, that will not see me want ——— and so your Servant.

Exit Loveby

Isa. I'll after and bring him back ——

Non. You shall not stir after him; does he scorn my daughter.

Isa. Lord how fretful you are: this breeding makes you so peevish Nuncle.

Non. 'Tis no matter, she shall straight be married to Sir *Timorous.*

Con. I am ruin'd Cousin.

Isa. I warrant you: ——My Lord I wish her well married to Sir *Timorous*; but *Loveby* will certainly infect him with the news of her great belly.

Non. I'll dispatch it e'r he can speak with him.

Isa. When e'r he comes, he'll see what a *bona roba* she is grown.

Non. Therefore it shall be done ith' evening.

Isa. It shall my Lord.

Con. Shall it?

Isa. Let me alone Cousin, ——and to this effect she wall write to him, that *to conform to your will, and his modesty, she desires him to come hither alone this Evening.*

Non. Excellent wench! I'll get my Chaplain ready.

Exit Nonsi.

Con. How can you hope to deceive my father?

Isa. If I do not I have hard luck.

Con. You go so strange a way about, your bowl must be well byassed to come in.

Isa. So plain a ground there's not the least rub in't, I'll meet Sir *Timorous* in the dark, and in your room marry him.

Con. You'll be sure to provide for one.

Isa. You mistake me Cousin: Oh! here's *Setstone* again.

Enter Setstone.

Mr. Jeweller, you must again into your Devils shape, and speak with *Loveby*: but pray be careful not to be discover'd.

Set. I warrant you Madam; I have cousned wiser men than he in my own shape; and if I cannot continue it in a worse, let the Devil I make bold with, e'n make as bold with me.

Isa. You must guide him by back wayes, to my Uncles House, and so to my Cousins Chamber, that he may not know where he is when he comes there: the rest I'll tell you as we go along.

——— *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Timorous; *after him* Burr *and* Failer.

Tim. Here here, read this Note; there's news for us.

Fail. Let me see't. (*reads.*)

Sir Timorous.

Be at the Garden dore at nine this Evening, there I'll receive you with my daughter; to gratifie your modesty I design'd this way, after I had better considered on it: and pray leave your Caterpillars Burr *and* Failer *behind you.*

Yours *Nonsuch.*

There is some trick in this, what e'r it be: but this word Caterpillars: you see *Burr*, Sir *Timorous*, is like to be lurd from us. ———

Burr. Is there no prevention?

To him aside.

Fail. One way there is: Sir *Timorous* pray walk a turn while *Burr* and I conferre a little upon this matter ——— Look you *Burr*, there is but one remedy in Nature I vow to gad: that is for you to have a new Sir *Timorous*, exceeding this person in bounty to you. Observe then, in Sir *Timorous* his place will I go, and igad I'll marry my

my Lady *Constance*; and then from the bowels of friendship bless thee with a thousand pounds, besides Lodging and Diet for thy life, boy.——

Burr. Umh—very well thought on.——No Sir, you shall trust to my bounty; I'll go in his place, murmure or repine, speak the least word, or give thy lips the least motion; and I'll beat thee till thou art not in condition to go.

Fail. I vow to gad this is extreme injustice: was it not my invention?

Burr. Why dost thou think thou art worthy to make use of thy own invention?——speak another word dee see—— come help me quickly to strip Sir *Timorous*: his Coat may conduce to the deceipt.——Sir *Timorous* by your leave.——[*falls on him.*

Tim. O Lord! what's the mater?——murder—murder.

Burr. Dee open; I have something in my Pocket that will serve for a gag now I think on't.

(*gags and binds him.*)

So lye there Knight. Come Sir, and help to make me Sir *Timorous*; and when I am married, remember to encrease your manners with my fortune—yet we'll alwayes drink together.

Exeunt.

Act. V.

Constance, Isabelle, Nonsuch.

Con. THis is just the Knights hour; and Lovers seldome come after their time.

Non. Good night Daughter, I'll to bed; and give you joy to morrow morning. *Exit* Nonsuch.

Isa. I'm glad he's gone: what, your train takes?

Con. Yes, yes; *Loveby* will come: *Setstone* has been with him in disguise; and promis'd him golden Mountains if he will not be wanting to his own fortune.

Isa. Is your habit provided too?

Con. All is ready.

Isa. Away then, for this is the place where we must part like Knights Errant, that take several paths to their adventures.

Con. 'Tis time; for I hear some body come along the Alley; without question 'tis *Timorous*. Farewell, the Captain stayes for me in my Chamber.

Isa. And I'll post after you to Matrimony; I have laid a fresh Parson at the next Stage that shall carry me tantivy.

Exit Constance.

Enter Burr *with* Timorous *his Coat on.*

Burr. My Lady *Constance*!

Isa. The same: Sir *Timorous*!

Burr. The same.

Isa. Sir *Timorous* takes me for my Cousin. (*aside.*)

Bur. My Lady *Constance* mistakes me for the Knight. (*aside.*)

Isa. Here, Sir; through the dark walk; 'tis but a little way about: ——— he's my own beyond Redemption. ——— (*aside.*

Bur. The Indies are mine; and a handsome Lady into the bargain. ——— (*Exeunt.*

Enter.

Enter Failer, *dogging them as they go off.*

Fail. He ſhall be hang'd e'r he ſhall get her. Thus farr I have dogg'd u'm, and this way I am ſure they muſt paſs e'r they come to the houſe: the Rogue had got the old Dog-trick of a Stateſman; to fiſh things out of wiſer heads than his own, and never ſo much as take notice of him that gave the Counſel.——

Enter Iſabelle *and* Burr *again.*

Now if I can but give her the hint without his knowledge! ——Madam,——my Lady *Conſtance*——

Iſa. Whoſe voice is that?

Fail. A word in private, or you are undone:——Pray ſtep aſide.

Bur. Where are you, Madam?

Iſa. Immediately, Sir *Timorous.*

Fail. You are miſtaken, Madam; 'tis not Sir *Timorous*; but *Burr* in his cloaths: he has ſtript the Knight; gag'd him, and lock'd him up.

Iſa. Failer?

Fail. The ſame: I could not but prevent your unhappineſs, though I hazard my perſon in the diſcovery I Vow to Gad, Madam.

Burr. Who's that talkes to you, my Lady *Conſtance?*

Iſa. a Maid of my acquaintance that's come to take her leave of me before I marry; the poor ſoul does ſo pity me.

Bur. How will that Maid lie thinking of you and me to night!

Iſa. Has he the Key about him? (*To* Failer.

Fail. I think ſo, Madam.

Iſa. Could not you poſſibly pick his pocket, and give me the Key? then let me alone to releaſe Sir *Timorous*; and you ſhall be witneſs of the wedding.

Fail. Igad you want your Couſin *Iſabells* wit to bring that to paſs Madam.

Iſa. I warrant you my own wit will ſerve to fool *Burr*,——and you too, or I am much deceiv'd—— (*aſide*)

Fail. I

Fail. I am a little apprehensive of the Rascals fingers since I felt u'm last; and yet my fear has not power to resist the sweet temptation of revenge; I vow to Gad I'll try, Madam.—

Isa. Never fear; let me alone to keep him busie. —

Bur. Come, Madam, and let me take off those tastless Kisses the Maid gave you; may we not joyn lips before we are Married?

Isa. No, fye, Sir *Timorous.*

They struggle a little, and in that time Failer *picks his Pocket of the Key.*

Fail. I have it,——here 'tis,——now shift for your self as I'll do: I ll wait you in the Alley. (*Exit* Failer.

Isa. Sir *Timorous,* pray go into my Chamber; and make no noise till I return: I'll but fetch the little Man of God, and follow you in a twinckling.

Bur. There's no light I hope.——

Isa. not a spark

Bur. For to light me to the mark—— *Exit* Burr.

Isa. What a scowring have I scapt to night! fortune, 'tis thou hast been ingenious for me! Allons *Isabelle*! courage! now to deliver my Knight from the Enchanted Castle. (*Exit* Isabelle.

Enter Loveby *led by* Setstone *antickly habited; with a torch in one hand, and a wand in the other.*

Lov. What art thou that hast lead me this long houre
Through Lanes and Alleys, and blind passages?

Set. I am thy *Genius*, and conduct thee to
Wealth, Fame, and Honour; what thou com'st to do
Do boldly: fear not; with this rod I charme thee;
And neither Elf nor Goblin now can harm thee.

Lov. Well, march on; if thou art my *Genius*, thou art bound to be Answerable for me: I'll have thee hang'd if I miscarry.

Set. Fear not my Son.

Lov. Fear not quoth a! then prithee put on a more familiar shape: ——one of us two stinks extreamly: prithee do not come so near me: I do not love to have my face bleach'd like a Tiffany with thy Brimstone.——

Set. Fear

Set. Fear not, but follow me.——

Lov. 'Faith I have no great mind to't: I am somewhat godly at present; but stay a moneth longer and I'll be proud, and fitter for thee: in the mean time prithee stay the stomach with some *Dutchman*: an *Hollander* with Butter will fry rarely in Hell.

Set. Mortal, 'tis now too late for a retreat: go on and live; step back and thou art mine.

Lov. So I am however; first or last, but for once I'll trust thee.——

The Scene opens, and discovers Constance; *and a Parson by her, she habited like Fortune.*

Enter again.

Set. Take here the mighty Queen of good and ill;
Fortune, first Marry, then enjoy thy fill
Of lawful pleasures; but depart e'r morn:
Slip from her Bed, or else thou shalt be torn
Piece-meale by Fiends; thy bloud carows'd in Bowles,
And thy four quarters blown to th' top of *Pouls*.

Lov. By your favour I'll never venture it: is marrying the businesse; I'll none I thank you.——

(*Here* Constance *whispers* Setstone.

Set. Fortune will turn her back if twice deny'd.

Lov. Why she may turn her Girdle too on t'other side.
This is the Devil; I will not venture on her.

Set. Fear not; she swears thou shalt receive no harm.

Lov. I, if a man durst trust her; but the Devil is got into such an ill name for lying.

Set. When e'r you are not pleas'd, it shall be lawful to sue out your Divorse.

Lov. I; but where shall I get a Lawyer? there you are aforehand with me: you have retained most of them already——for the favors I have received, I am very much her servant, but in the way of Matrimony, Mr. Parson there can tell you 'tis an Ordinance; and must not be enter'd into without mature deliberation: besides; Marriages you know are made in heaven; and that I am sure this was not.

Set. She

Set. She bids you then at leaſt, reſtore that Gold, which ſhe, too laviſhly, pour'd out on you unthankful Man.——

Lov. Faith I have it not at preſent; 'tis all gone, as I am a ſinner; but, 'tis gone wickedly; all ſpent in the Devil her Fathers ſervice.

Set. Where is the grateful ſence of all your favours? Come, Fiends, with Fleſh-hooks tear the wretch in pieces, and bear his Soul upon your leather wings, below the Fountain of the dark Abyſs.

Lov. What, are you a Conjuring? if you are good at that ſport, I can Conjure as well as you——— (*Draws his Sword.*

Con. Hold; for Heaven's ſake hold, I am no ſpirit: touch but my hand; Ghoſts have no Fleſh and Blood. (*Diſcovering.*

Lov. My Lady *Conſtance*! I began to ſuſpect it might be a trick; but never could imagine you the Author: it ſeems you are deſirous I ſhould Father this *Hans en Kelder heere.*

Conſt. I know not how without a bluſh to tell you it was a cheat I practis'd for your Love.

Set. A meere Tympany, Sir, rais'd by a Cuſhion; you ſee 'tis gone already.

Conſt. Setſtone was ſent to have acquainted you; but by the way unfortunately miſs'd you.

Lov. 'Twas you then that ſupply'd me all this while with Money; pretty Familiar, I hope to make thee amends e'r I ſleep to night: come Parſon, prithee make haſt and joyn us. I long to be out of her debt poor Rogue.

The Parſon takes them to the ſide of the Stage: they turn their backs to the Audience, while he mumbles to them.

Set. I'll be the Clark; Amen, give you joy Mr. Bridegroom, and Mrs. Bride.

Lov. Conſt. Thanks honeſt *Setſtone.*

Bib. Franc. And Muſick without, they Play.

Muſick. God give your worſhip a good even Mr. *Loveby.*

Conſt. Hark! what noiſe is that? Is this Muſick of your providing, *Setſtone.*

Set. Alaſs

Set. Alaſs, Madam, I know nothing of it.

Lov. We are betray'd to your Father, but the beſt on't is, he comes too late to hinder us——fear not, Madam, I'll bear you through them all.——

As they ruſh out; Bibber, Frances, *and Muſick are entring in:* Bibber *and* Frances *are beaten down.*

[*Exeunt* Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, Parſon.

All cry out, Oh the Devil! the Devil! the Devil!

Bib. Lord bleſs us, Where are you *Frances?*

Franc. Here *William!* this is a judgment, as they ſay, upon you *William*; for truſting Wits: and calling Gentlemen to the Tavern, *William.*

Bib. No; 'twas a Judgment upon you, for deſiring Preferment at Court, *Frances.* Let's call up the Watch, and Juſtice *Trice*, to have the houſe ſearch'd.

Franc. I, I; there's more Devils there I warrant you. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, *again.*

Lov. It was certainly *Will. Bibber* and his Wife with Muſick: for now I remember my ſelf I pointed him this hour at your Fathers houſe: but we frighted them worſe than they frighted us.

Conſt. Our Parſon run away too:——when they cry'd out the Devil!

Lov. He was the wiſer: for if the Devil had come indeed, he has Preach'd ſo long againſt him it would have gone hard with him.

Set. Indeed I have alwayes obſerv'd Parſons to be more fearful of the Devil than other people.

Lov. Oh the Devil's the Spirit, and the Parſon's the Fleſh: and betwixt thoſe two there muſt be War: yet to do 'um both right, I think in my Conſcience they quarrel onely like Lawyers for their Fees; and meet good friends in private to laugh at their Clients.

Con. I ſaw him run in at my Couſin *Iſabells* chamber doore, which was wide open; I believe ſhe's return'd: we'll fetch a light from the Gallery, and give her joy.——

Lov. Why is she Married, Madam?

Con. I'll tell you as we go.—— (*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes; Burr *and the Parson enter, meeting in the dark.*

Bur. My Lady *Constance* are you come again? that's well: I have waited sufficiently for you in the dark.

Pars. Help, help, help good Christian People! the Devil, the Devil's here.

Bur. 'Tis I Madam; what do you meane?

Pars. Avoid Sathan! avoid, avoid.

Bur. What have I here, the hairy Woman?

Enter Loveby, Constance *with the light.*

Bur. Ha! yonder's my Lady *Constance!* Who have I got, a stone-Priest by this good Light. How's this, *Loveby* too!

Lov. Burr, a beating my Reverend Clergy: What make you here at this unseasonable hour! I'll know your business——(*Draws.*

Bur. Will you Sir?—— (*They Fight.*

Const. Set. Parson. Help, Murder, murder.

Enter at one Door, Trice *Drunk: with the Watch*: Bibber: *and* Frances *following, At the other* Nonsuch. *and Servants, and* Failer.

Non. Murder, murder! beat down their weapons: Will you murder Sir *Timorous*, Mr. *Loveby*—— (*They disarme both.*

Sir *Timorous!* ha, *Burr!* Thieves; thieves! Sit down good Mr. Justice, aud take their Examinations: now I shall know how my Money went.

Trice. They shall have Justice I warrant u'm.

(*Goes to sit and misses the chair.*

Bib. The Justice is almost dead drunk, my Lord.

Franc. But and't please your Worship my Lord this is not the worst sight that we have seen her to night in your Worships house, we met three or four hugeous ugly Devils, with eyes like Sawcers, that

that threw down my Husband, that threw down me, that made my heart so panck ever since, as they say.

Non. The Devil again in my house.

Lov. Nay, here he was, that's certain; he brought me hither, I know not how my self, and Married me; Mr *Setstone* there can justifie it: but the best is, I have a Charme about me that will lay him yet e'r midnight.

Fail. And I Vow to Gad my Lord, I know as little how I came hither as any man.

Bur. Nor I.

Trice. Nor I.

Lov. No I dare swear do'st thou not Mr. Justice.

Trice. But I wonder how the Devil durst come into our Ward, when he knows I have been at the Duties of—my Family—— this evening.

Enter one of the Watch, with Timorous, *and* Isabelle.

Watch. And please your Worship I met this couple in the street late, and so seeing them to be man and woman, I brought u'm along with me, upon suspition of Felony together.

Franc. This is the proud minx that sought shelter in my house this afternoon Mr. Justice.

Fail. Sir *Timorous* and Madam *Isabelle!* I Vow to Gad we are undone *Burr.*——

Isa. Do not you know me, Mr. Justice?

Lov. Justice is blind, he knows no body.

Isa. My name is *Isabelle.*

Fran. No, thy name is *Jezabelle*: I warrant you there's none but Rogues and Papists would be abroad at this time of night.

Bib. Hold *Frances.*—

Trice. She's drunk I warrant her as any beast: I wonder woman you do not consider what a crying sin Drunkenness is? Whom do you learn it from in our Parish? I'm sure you never see me worse.

Isa. *Burr* and *Failer*; acknowledge your selves a couple of recreant Knights: Sir *Timorous* is mine: I have won him in fair Field from you.

Con. Give you joy Coufin,—— give you joy!

Lov. Married!

Iſa. And in *Diana's* Grove boy.

Lov. Why 'tis fine by heaven; 'tis wondrous fine; as the Poet goes on ſweetly.

Tim. I am ſure they had gagg'd me, and bound me, and ſtript me almoſt ſtark naked, and lockt me up as faſt as a Butterfly, till ſhe came and made me a man again; and therefore I have reaſon to love her the longeſt day I have to live.

Iſa. I, and the longeſt night too, or you are to blame. And you have one argument I love you, if the proverb be true, for I took you almoſt in your bare ſhirt.

Burr. So much for us *Failer*!

Con. Well my Lord, it had as good at firſt as at laſt: I muſt beg your Lordſhips bleſſing for this Gentleman and my ſelf.

both kneel.

Non. Why you are not Married to him I hope! he's Married to the Devil.

Lov. 'Twas a white Devil of your Lordſhips getting then; Mr. *Setſtone*, and the Reverend here can witneſs it.

Set. Par. We muſt ſpeak truth my Lord.

Non. Would I had another Child for your ſake, you ſhould ne'r ſee peny of my money.

Lov. Thank you my Lord; but methinks 'tis much better as 'tis.

Iſa. Come Nuncle 'tis in vain to hold out now 'tis paſt remedy: 'tis like the laſt Act of a Play when people muſt Marry; and if fathers will not conſent then, they ſhould throw Oranges at 'um from the Galleries: why ſhould you ſtand off to keep us from a Dance?

Non. But there's one thing ſtill that troubles me, that's her great belly, and my own too.

Con. Nay for mine my Lord, 'tis vaniſh'd already: 'twas but a trick to catch the old one.

Lov. But I'll do my beſt; ſhe ſhall not be long without another.

Iſa. But as for your great belly Nuncle, I know no way to rid you on't but by taking out your guts.

Loveby. 'Tis ſuch a pretty ſmart raſcal; 'tis well I am pleas'd with my own choice; but I could have got ſuch Hectors and Poets and Gameſters out of thee.

Con.

Con. No, no; two Wits could never have liv'd well together; want would have so sharpened you upon one another.

Isa. A Wit should naturally be joyned to a fortune; by the same reason your Vintners feed their hungry Wines.

Con. And if Sir *Timorous* and I had married; we two fortunes must have built Hospitals with our Money, we could never have spent it else.

Lov. Or what think you of paying Courtiers debts with it.

Isa. Well, to shew I am in charity with my Enemies, I'll make a motion: while we are in Town let us hire a large house, and live together: *Burr* and *Failer.* ——

Fail. Shall be utterly discarded; I knew 'twould come to that I vow to gad.

Isa. Shall be our Ghests.

Burr *and* Failer *throw up their Caps, and cry* Vivi, Madame Isabelle.

Lov. And *Bibber* shall make our Wedding Cloaths without trusting.

Bib. No, hence forward I'll trust none but landed men; and such as have houses and apple-trees in the Country: now I have got a Place in the Customehouse.

Franc. Nothing vexes me, but that this flirting Gentlewoman should go before me; but I'll to the Heralds Office, and see whether the Queens Majesties Dresser should not take place of any Knights Wife in Christendom.

Bib. Now all will out —— no more good *Frances.*

Franc. I will speak, that I will, so I will: what! shall I be a Dresser to the Queens Majesty, and no body must know on't; I'll send Mr. Church-warden word on't; and Gentlemen, when you come to St. *Brides* Church (if ever you come to Church Gentlemen) you shall see me in the Pew that's next the Pulpit; thank Mr. *Loveby*'s Worship for't.

Loveby. Spare your thanks good Landlady, for the truth is we came too late, the Place is gone; and so is yours *Will*; but you shall have 200 *l.* for One, if that will satisfie you.

Franc. This is better news as they say.

Lov.

Lov. Chear up thy Wife *Will*: where are they fiddles? a dance should do it:

Bib. I'll run and call u'm.

Isa. I have found out that will comfort her: henceforward I christen her by the name of *Madam Bibber.*

All. A Madam *Bibber*, A Madam *Bibber.*

Franc. Why, I thank you sweet Gentlemen and Ladies, this is a Cordial to my drooping spirits: I confess I was a little eclips'd; but I'll chear up with abundance of love, as they say. Strike up Fiddles.—

Lov. That's a good Wench.

Dance.

Trice. This Musick, and a little nod has recovered me; I'll in and provide for the Sack-Posset.

Non. To bed, to bed; 'tis late: Son *Loveby* get me a boy to night, and I'll settle three thousand a year upon him the first day he calls me Grandsire.

Lov. I'll do my best.

To make the bargain sure before I sleep.
Where Love and money strike, the blow goes deep.

EPI-

EPILOGUE to the WILD GALLANT, as it was first Acted.

THe Wilde Gallant *has quite played out his game;*
He's marry'd now, and that will make him tame;
Or if you think Marriage will not reclaim him,
The Critiques swear they'll damn him, but they'll tame him.
Yet though our Poet's threatned most by these,
They are the only People he can please:
For he to humour them, has shown to day,
That which they only like, a wretched Play:
But though his Play be ill, here have been shown
The greatest Wits, and Beauties of the Town.
And his Occasion having brought you here
You are too grateful to become severe.
There is not any Person here so mean,
But he may freely judge each Act and Scene:
But if you bid him chuse his Judges then,
He boldly names true English Gentlemen:
For he ne'r thought a handsome Garb or Dress,
So great a Crime to make their Judgment less:
And with these Gallants he these Ladies joyns,
To judge that Language their Converse refines.
But if their Censures should condemn his Play,
Far from Disputing, he does only pray
He may Leanders *Destiny obtain:*
Now spare him, drown him when he comes again.

EPILOGUE to the WILDE GALLANT reviv'd.

OF all Dramatique Writing, Comick Wit,
As 'tis the best, so 'tis most hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the eye,
Where all may judge, and each defect may spye.
Humour is that which every day we meet,
And therefore known as every publick street;
In which, if e'r the Poet go astray
You all can point, 'twas there he lost his way.

But

But, What's so common, to make pleasant too,
Is more then any wit can alwayes do.
For 'tis, like Turkes, *with* Hen *and Rice to treat;*
To make regalio's out of common meat.
But, in your Diet you grow Salvages:
Nothing but Humane flesh your taste can please:
And, as their Feasts with slaughtered slaves began,
So you, at each new Play must have a Man.
Hither you come, as to see Prizes fought;
If no Blood's drawn, you cry the Prize is naught.
But fooles grow wary now; and when they see
A Poet eyeing round the Company,
Straight each man for himself begins to doubt;
They shrink like Seamen when a Press comes out.
Few of 'em will be found for Publick use,
Except you charge an Oph upon each house,
Like the Train-Bands, and every man ingage
For a sufficient Foole to serve the Stage.
And, when with much adoe you get him there,
Where he in all his glory shou'd appear,
Your Poets make him such rare things to say,
That he's more wit than any Man ith' Play.
But of so ill a mingle with the rest,
As when a Perrat's taught to break a jest.
Thus aiming to be fine, they make a show
As tawdry Squires in Country Churches do.
Things well consider'd, 'tis so hard to make
A Comedy, which should the knowing take:
That our dull Poet, in despair to please,
Does humbly beg by me his Writ of ease.
'Tis a Land-tax, which he's too poor to pay;
You, therefore must some other Impost lay.
Would you but change for serious Plot and Verse
This mottley garniture of Fool and Farce,
Nor scorn a Mode, because 'tis taught at home,
Which does, like Vests, our Gravity become;
Our Poet yields you should this Play refuse,
As Tradesmen by the change of fashions, lose
With some content their fripperies of France,
In hope it may their staple Trade advance.

FINIS.